

# The TATLER

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July 5, 1939



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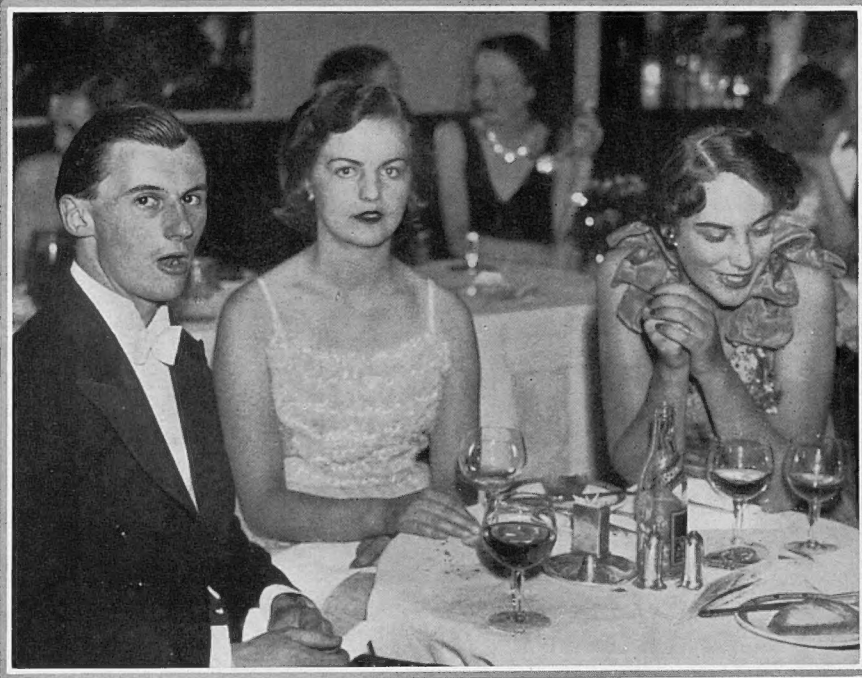


*Yeovonde, Berkeley Square*

## LADY MOIRA COMBE AND HER DAUGHTER, AUDREY

The pretty and only daughter of Colonel and Lady Moira Combe is to be presented at one of their Majesties' July Courts, the dates of which are the twelfth and thirteenth. Colonel Henry Christian Combe who is in the Blues (Reserve) is a son of Captain Christian and Lady Jane Combe who is an aunt of Lord Conyngham. Captain Combe was also in the Blues. Lady Moira Combe is a daughter of the seventh Earl of Clonmell. The peerage died with the eighth earl





FORMING PART OF A PARTY

Lord Lansdowne, the Hon. Deborah Mitford, youngest member of Lord and Lady Redesdale's large family, and her contemporary, the Hon. Veronica Fraser, second sister of Lord Lovat, considering the Lillie at the Café de Paris—another case of where the Bea sings there lurk I. Lord Lansdowne, who succeeded as seventh marquess in 1936 and attained his majority last year, went to Balliol from Eton

IN fiction the highway casualty, the minx with the vapours and the inebriate who is beginning to touch the ground, are made to exclaim, "Where am I?" at a crucial point in the narrative.

After participating in the *Grande Quinzaine* I have reached that point; but since my body, if not my mind, has indisputably arrived at Le Touquet (*voici la piscine; voilà l'Hermitage!*) the appropriate question, now that it comes to writing about Paris, is, "Where was I?" Here, there and everywhere hardly makes sufficient sense. To begin by the much vaunted process of elimination, I was not at the night racing at Longchamps (one must leave some enchantments for next year, as the French are so certain that Hitler has nothing against the social curriculum) nor at Lady Mendl's circus party to which four elephants were said to be coming from Samarkand instead of from some handy zoo; a bit of business typically Elsie and impressive. This party was also missed—scarlatina intervening—by poor Johnny McMullin, the Mendl's right arm, who planned it. Neither could I stay for the Junior League Ball at Saint-Cloud Country Club (where every Monday night in the season there is a dance worth horning in on); nor for Ambassador Bullitt's beano at the American Embassy (do Riviera residents know that the picturesque and exceedingly high-brow Mrs. Sam Barlow, of Èze, was the first Mrs. Bullitt?) and I had to miss the party which the delightful bearded artist, "Bébé" Bérard, says was the best of the lot—Comtesse Etienne de Beaumont's tercentenary *Nuit de Racine*. All the guests went to her ball dressed as the heroes and heroines of Racine's monumental plays. As no one could bring himself or herself to acknowledge that he or she had neglected to read Racine (though some perversely tried saying if only it had been Corneille

## And the World Said—



MRS. RICHARD TAUBER AND FRIEND

Mrs. Richard Tauber, alias Diana Napier, film star, wore a very frisky headpiece when she left Victoria for Switzerland last week. Her famous husband joined her there on Monday, taking the air way, and after this holiday Richard Tauber sets out for the Cape to give South Africa the benefit of his lovely voice in an extensive concert tour



Marjorie Baker

MISS DREDA BURRELL

Whose engagement to Captain Charles Tryon, Grenadier Guards, elder son of the Postmaster-General, and the Hon. Mrs. Tryon, was announced on Midsummer Day. Miss Burrell, daughter of Sir Merrik Burrell and of Mrs. R. O. Hermon, was christened Etheldreda, but prefers to use the shortened form of her very distinctive Saxon name

they would have been absolutely *au fait*), much rustling of tomes preceded this *fête* and, perhaps because everything had to be looked up, the costumes were wonderfully correct, and the flamboyant seventeenth century was amazingly well evoked, to use the local verb. The cotillon dancers' head-dresses at the fiftieth birthday party of the *Tour Eiffel* took the form of tri-colour plumed helmets, very heroic and striking, but not, according to an elderly lady who told me she can remember her mother's hats in 1879, remotely like the fashions of that period when the great Tower was as sensationally new as Epstein's "Adam" today. That it is still news was proved by the elegant gathering of worldlings who were borne aloft in lifts, after having been volubly admired by the populace which had momentarily stopped sampling the varied delights of the fair ground at the foot of the Tower, to comment on the Jean de Polignacs, the Robert de Rothschilds, the Jean Louis de Faucigny-Lucinges ("Baba"



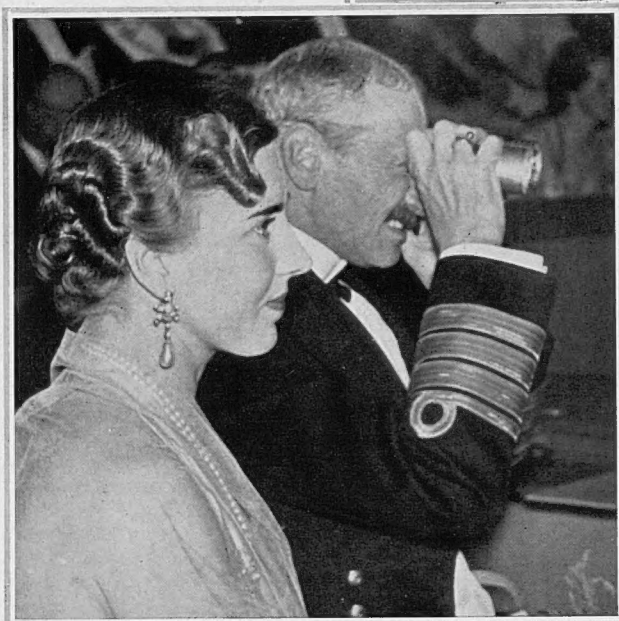
in gipsy curtain rings) and others who had paid five hundred francs apiece for the pleasure of eating asparagus and other seasonable catches while seated in serried ranks, high above what remains in fascination, if not in fact, the most beautiful, because the most feminine, of cities. That gifted writer and complex charmer, Mrs. Violet Trefusis, *née* Keppel, received the principal guest, H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor, and his duchess, who was wearing a dress embroidered with sequin flowers in rich dark shades. I do not remember further details except that it looked smart and suitable, because I was somewhat *emue* at meeting once again, after three strangely crowded years, the woman who has made H.R.H. so palpably happy, and who is taking a worthy part, at his side, in the more serious social life of Paris, namely the diplomatic rounds, and the entertainment of distinguished visitors. The duchess has not lost her keen and level way of looking at whoever is talking to her, or any of the agreeable American friendliness which first made her popular in London, but she has acquired a mature dignity and is undoubtedly playing a difficult rôle with intelligence and goodwill. Her royal husband was looking unbelievably young and fit, on this his forty-fifth birthday. The change in him from those harassed months when the Prime Minister's office was filled by that implacable Cromwellian character, Stanley Baldwin, must be obvious to the least observant. That far more elastic and humane character, Neville Chamberlain, was already a fisherman in 1888 when the Eiffel Tower, though only nine, had ceased to be a nine-days' wonder, for according to Baron Fouquier (met at tea with his young wife in the Ritz garden) it is fifty-one years since the future P.M. gave him a gaffing lesson, somewhere in Kincardineshire.

Somewhere in Paris, probably in the *gemütlich* Ritz garden, or in one of its bars or restaurants, I met up with the following well-known characters. It was in the men's bar that Major Ralph Peto, who was smoking a pipe and wearing the Prince of Wales's feathers tie-pin handed



#### AN OVERSEAS LEAGUE OCCASION

Last week the London Group of the Overseas League gave an evening party at Overseas House, in honour of their president, Lord Carisbrooke. Here are two of the many guests: Captain Conyers H. Jolliffe, a Director of the Bank of England, and Margaret, Lady Grant, Sir Hamilton Grant's widow, who has apartments at lovely Hampton Court Palace. Captain Jolliffe is one of Lord Hylton's kinsmen



#### IN THE ROYAL BOX AT COPENHAGEN

H.M. King Christian of Denmark and his daughter-in-law, H.R.H. the Crown Princess, witnessing a gala performance given by the Royal Danish Ballet and Opera Orchestra at the Opera House for the 1,500 delegates of the International Chamber of Commerce Congress recently held in Denmark's capital. The Crown Princess of Denmark, who is still Princess Ingrid to England, was over here visiting her grandfather, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, a short time ago



#### THE SIRDAR MOHAN SINGH AND LADY LUCAS

Another picture taken at Overseas House when the London Group of the Overseas League was entertaining. The Sirdar Mohan Singh, a well-known figure in London, is one of the advisers to Lord Zetland, Secretary of State for India. Before her marriage to Major Sir Jocelyn Lucas, Master of the Aldenham Harriers, Lady Lucas was the widow of Sir Trehawke Kekewich, Squire of Peamore in Devon

out by *le roi* Edouard Sept, told us he could not go to the races because the only top hat he ever had a lien on was borrowed from the porter at his club, who asked for it back after the occasion on which Miss Rosemary Peto became Lady Hinchinbroke. The inimitable R. P. added that sitting in a blue suit surrounded by racing gents in striped Ascot trousers, he felt like a gigolo. Mrs. Bernard Rubin expressed the sentiments of the company in general by saying, "If that is so, you are very well disguised." The lovely Mrs. Rubin, eldest of the Simpson sisters, will shortly announce her engagement to one of the de Landa Eseanden brothers (Kathleen, Lady Drogheda was married to another) "Natcha," the nicest Mexican in the international drift, with the possible exception of "Chatto" Elizaga. The Duke of Argyll's heir, who has all the Campbell way with him (time was when a Campbell could not lose a lawsuit in Scotland) sat with Derek Morley, both feeling suavely international no doubt, but continuing to look very Scotch indeed. The thought occurred to me that I might as well be sitting in the "Caley," for Mr. Morley used to be one of Edinburgh's most fancied young men. The other Derek of that now distant epoch has become a brilliant surgeon and married Margery Richardson, eldest of the three nieces of Sir George Miller-Cunningham, of Leithen-hopes. Then Mrs. Ian Campbell, an exceedingly handsome young woman, joined her husband *en route* for Biarritz, home and baby. Though no one would call Michael Arlen a handsome young man he was scintillating, as small as life and twice as witty, with his polished flow of chatter, punctuated with news of important people, but sometimes this clever writer, who does not hit it off, by the way, with lady novelists, expounds a home truth, as opposed to a bar epigram. This time he remarked that as we grow older we realize the only people who matter in life are the kind ones, the good friends who speak no evil, think no evil and are always the same. Incidentally, I have never heard Michael Arlen say anything malicious; he deals in amusing generalities, unlike the more effeminate type of wit who relies for flabbergasting effects on



## And the World said—*continued*

keyholes and imagination. Another cheery chap trotting through the Ritz in a sky blue suit, designed to pick up the blue in his eye, was the unique Lord Carnarvon who stayed with Lord and Lady Granard. Lady Dumfries, their handsome younger daughter, and Mrs. Robin Wilson-Filmer of the dazzling complexion were other house guests in the rue de Varenne. The Australian-born Rane of Pudukota (wearing Schiap's straw yashmak) said that, lovely as "Pat" is, her mother, Mrs. Richards, was even lovelier. Are there no plain Australians? Memo—fly to Sydney and check up. "Porchy" is flying to America for the remainder of the summer, and I would not be surprised if he comes back with a youthful American *fiancée*. On the other hand I would not be surprised if he doesn't; which sounds like the forecast of every race by every racing correspondent. Every animal has a chance, incidentally "Quinny" Gilbey summed up the Grand Prix better than all the rest. The trouble with Mr. Widener's animal at Longchamp on the Saturday before the Grand Prix was that it ran more and more slowly. This was depressing for his delightful daughter-in-law, "Gertie," and her husband (correctly attired for an "off" day in a pearl-grey bowler), but nothing took the smile from Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort's popular countenance, although he had flown over in a terrifying fog. Another rubicund complexion belonged to Mr. Gerald Wellesley who flew over in a terrifying thunderstorm, accompanied by his pretty Chicago-born wife. They know a lot about racing in France and are part of the Deauville set-up, in company with the ever-beautiful Madame Robert Revel (seen at Bagatelle wearing a white bird hat—the polo, not the night club) and Comte Guy de Chavagnac whose grey derby has a Gilbey curl. He is one of the best shots in France and one of the smartest racing men. Well-dressed young racing men from England included Mr. Francis Williams (seen with Sir Francis Peek who is no longer A.D.C.-ing in the Bahamas), a Grinling brother and Mr. David McCall who was dancing at Maxim's in a party with that very attractive girl Miss Pamela Digby whose red hair, pink cheeks and bright eyes are a cheering sight on every race-course. She appears to be almost as fond of racing as her aunt Lady Rosebery, and to be far more genuinely animated, and consequently better company than most of her contemporaries. Lord Digby took her to the Grand Prix. Lady Jean Dundas and *fiancé*; the G. A. Murray-Smiths; the Melchetts; Lord Warwick; gentle Derek Blythe; Lord Dufferin in a Bullington tie; immaculate Harry Brown; Mr. Claude Leigh and daughter Joan (with Cartier's gold flowers in her ears); and Lord and Lady Hardwicke were a few of those in and around the Ritz, while nice Lady Hardwicke and her husband were also in evidence at the George V "*Déjeuner des Drags*." This is a delightful annual event on the *Prix des Drags* Friday—make a note of it for next year. Five hundred people, mostly women in stunning—to use an American superlative—light *toilettes*, received a musical welcome from pink-coated huntsmen of the famous Dampierre pack, drawn up outside the hotel. A list of those present would be merely a repetition of the manual "*Tout Paris*," with importations such as Lord Auckland, who gave a party with his extremely handsome bride and her mother, Mrs. Hart of the U.S. Their guests included those bulwarks of the Paris-American colony, Colonel and Mrs. T. Bentley Mott, and Mr. Frank Roche who is quite used to being hailed as "Maurice" so closely does he resemble his twin Lord Fermoy, who may, rumour has it, stand unopposed at the General Election for one of the most solid London boroughs; a constituency to which the advent of a conscientious member is long overdue. Lady Auckland's dress was lovely; finely pleated champagne-coloured *crêpe-georgette*; and her most attractive guest,

Princesse Thérèse de Caraman-Chimay (sister-in-law of Lady Jardine's sister "Brenda") looked a picture, too, topped by one of Comte de Saint Remy's newest hats. Most of this dazzling company, which included Princess Alexandra of Greece (the reigning débutante beauty) and her mother (who both went to Florence for the wedding of Princess Irene to the Duca di Spoleto) did not go on to Auteuil where the hydrangeas were elaborately marvellous. In Paris the main idea is to have a good look at the people and the dresses, therefore if you can do this without the bother of going to the races, so much the better, argues the Parisienne whose life's blood is to see and be seen, but on Grand Prix day every one goes to Longchamp *en famille* (Denise Yarde-Buller was with the Aly Khans) and the cheap enclosures are full of little boys playing ball—*voilà ce que c'est que la démocratie*.

The most portentous political journalist from the world's richest democracy, and his wife Mrs. Walter Lippmann, were in Paris, as was mile-high Robert (*Idiot's Delight*) Sherwood and his wife, whose top hat was made of black panne, a material said to be coming in for autumn wear, Modcm. In London the Lippmanns were entertained at a big tea party on the Terrace and glowingly written-up by "Atticus"—all of whose geese are swans. He found the American columnist "never obtruded his own point of view for a moment." I doubt whether those bigwigs who met this journalistic lion in the guise of an admiring ally were aware of what I repeated to you here some months ago, namely Mr. Lippmann's point of view about the Royal Visit. He opined, in his column which is syndicated to millions of wide-eyed American citizens, that the King and Queen were ill-advised to consider coming to the United States, because their visit would look like a hat-in-hand proposition. I doubt whether any of those millions had thought of it as more than a very welcome and natural gesture (seeing the King and Queen would be next door, so to speak) until Walter Lippmann let his insidious anti-British propaganda drop into his dictaphone. That they read him and forgot him is now obvious and the laugh, my lords and ladies, is on all who tried to belittle the good effects of the visit, or cast doubts on the ability of the principals to make the supreme personal effort and consequent triumph which has passed into history. But maybe the Commons who, let it be remembered, acquiesced in the murder of Charles I and the abdication of Edward VIII, cannot be expected to burn

with the honest rage which comes over ordinary citizens when someone has a dig at the Crown. Hats off to Ambassador Kennedy; but I am not going to take mine off to columnist Lippmann, for "Atticus" or any other M.P. As Inez Robb (who also has millions of American readers) said about the King and Queen after thirty days on the pilot train: "I certainly hand it to those two." Miss Robb was in her countryman, Mr. R. B. Strassburger's hospitable box at Auteuil having said goodbye, with the other journalists, to their Majesties at Halifax, then-raced over in the *Clipper*. She was ready to admire the Queen when the Canadian trip began, but at the end she had, in her own words, "grown to love Queen Elizabeth for always looking the part, yet remaining such an unusually nice woman."

Talkies . . . . Paris is extremely interested in the marriage of Colonel Ivan Guthrie of Guthrie's sister-in-law to eighty-eight-year-old Sir Frank Swettenham; the bride's sister is the widowed duchesse de Crussol whose only son will be the next duc d'Uzès. And Paris, Biarritz and even Madrid are interested in Mrs. Rupert Bellville's happy event-to-be. She was Janette Fuqua, daughter of the American Military Attaché in Spain, and her husband is one of the only British bull fighters. Another cradle is being prepared, in Italy, by the young Marchesa di Salinas who was Noel Orr of Edinburgh.

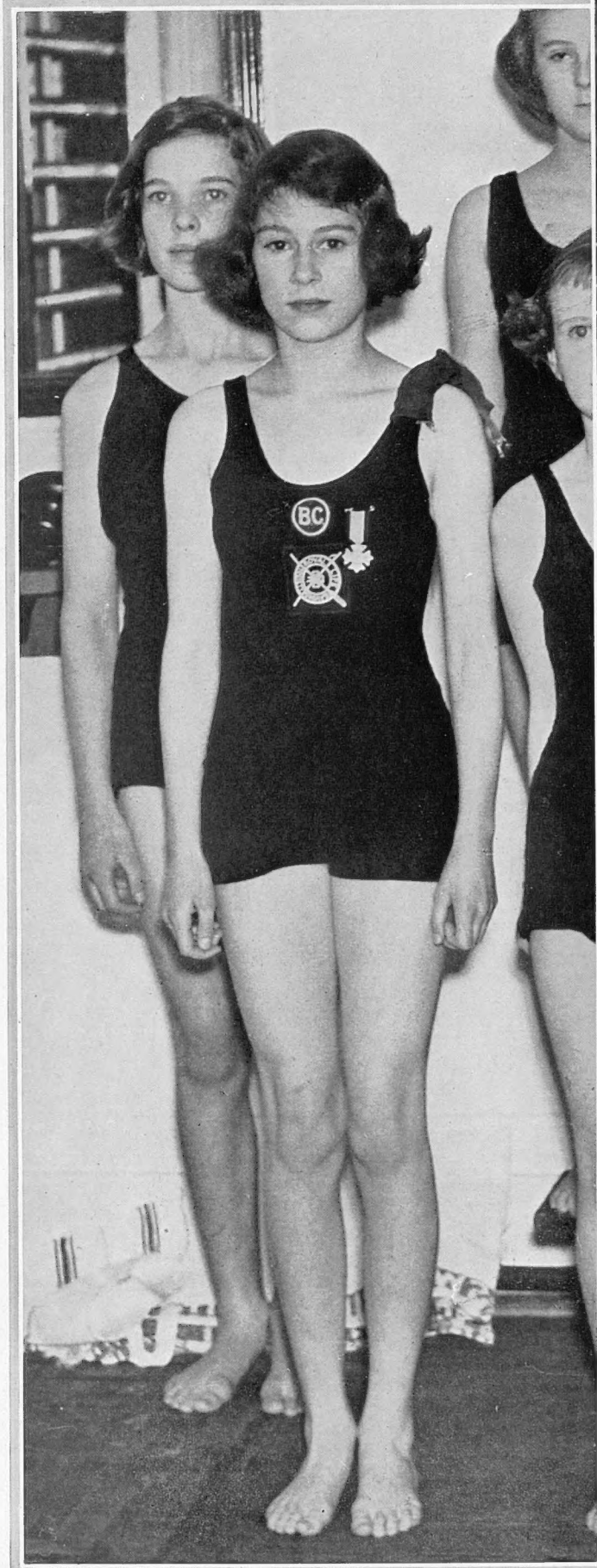


THE LADIES' POLO ASSOCIATION SHERRY PARTY

A conclave to discuss The Invitation Polo Pay Party, on July 19, which is being inaugurated in aid of the L.P.A. of Great Britain and Ireland. In the picture Lady Priscilla Aird (joint chairman), Mrs. Philip Fleming and Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay, the other joint chairman. The Ladies' Polo Championship will be played at Hurlingham from July 17 to July 22



# THE PRINCESSES, BOTH WINNERS AT THE CHILDREN'S SWIMMING RACES

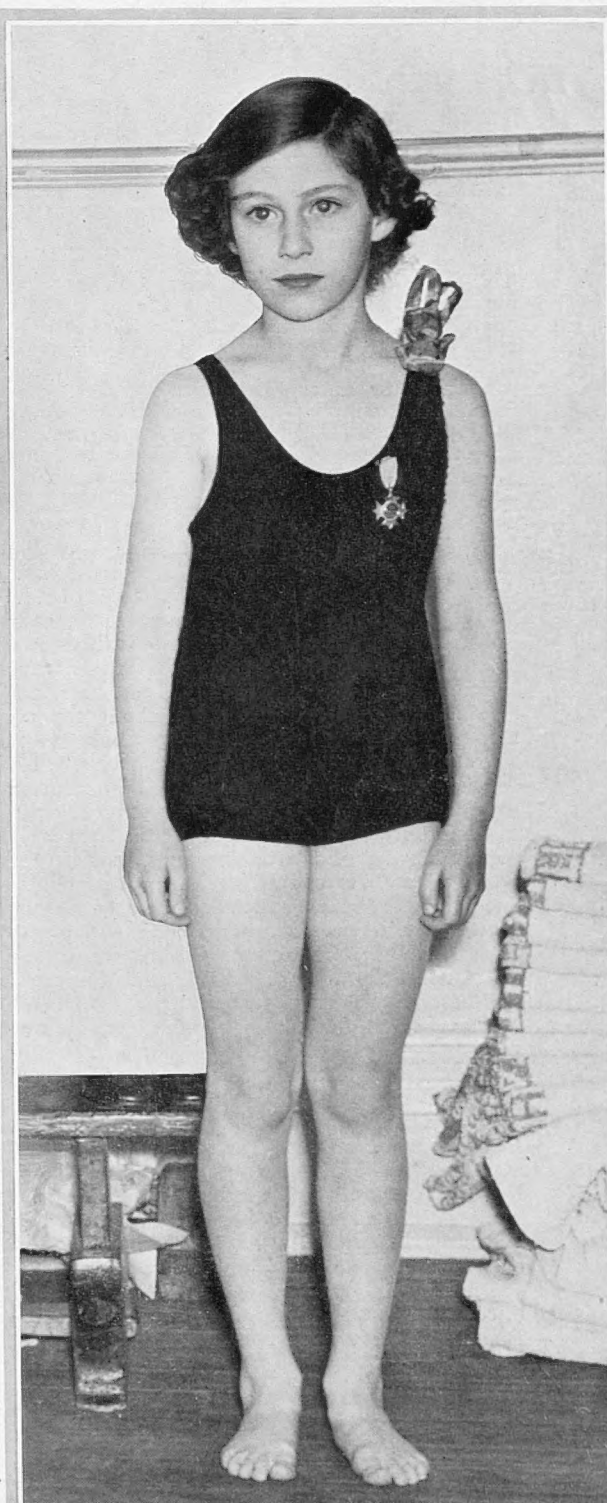


PRINCESS ELIZABETH, WINNER OF THE OVER NINE CHALLENGE SHIELD AT THE BATH CLUB



H.M. THE QUEEN PRESENTS PRINCESS MARGARET WITH THE UNDER NINE CUP. (RIGHT) SIR JOHN WILSON TAYLOR. (CENTRE) MR. C. D. BOYCE

At the children's swimming races held at the Bath Club, both the Princess Elizabeth and the Princess Margaret won their races, and it is scarcely necessary to say that it was a great delight to the Queen, who was present and gave away the prizes at the end of the whole competition. Princess Elizabeth won the Challenge Shield for girls over nine and under fourteen against ten other starters and also competed in the life-saving contests, in which she gave a very good display: and Princess Margaret won the cup for little swimmers up to nine—a very fine double event, for there was no quarter asked or given and the opposition was by no means to be despised. The Duchess of Buccleuch, sister-in-law of H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, Lord Desborough and a large number of other people were there to watch the fun. Sir John Wilson Taylor is the very popular Secretary of the Bath Club



(ON RIGHT) PRINCESS MARGARET





ANNIE VERNAY AND JEAN PAQUI IN  
A SCENE FROM "LES OTAGES"

This rather unusual film from across the Channel due at the Curzon on July 11, has for its setting a French village in August, 1914, which for a time is occupied by the Germans. It is neither a war nor an anti-war propaganda picture but just a view of French life revolving round an up-to-date Montague and Capulet theme, and conceiving the bitter battle over a right-of-way and a coveted barn. The charming new film discovery, Annie Vernay, plays Annie Beaumont, daughter of the fighting mayor, and Jean Paqui impersonates Pierre Rossignol. This is a really true-to-life picture in a natural setting, full of the spirit of France

**R**EALLY, really, really! Has the distinguished film critic of *The Times* no sense of the audience for whom films are made? In the case of M. Abel Gance's *Beethoven*, now at the Curzon, he complains of "the vulgarity of a conception which sees in Beethoven's 'life and loves' the opportunity for a triangle romance allegedly 'immortalized' by a couple of sonatas and odd bits of symphonies. This French film about the great composer," he says, "may well offend the least sensitive, and will it not also bore those whom it does not shock?" Hasn't my august colleague grasped the fact that this romantic nonsense at least has a great composer for its subject? And that in itself is extraordinary. Some little time ago I made public complaint of the fact that the office boys in this country have no idea how, for example, Charles I met his end. I was at once bombarded with letters. One employer wrote: "Why should my office boy want to know how Charles I died? Charles never played for the Arsenal, nor hit a century against the Australians, nor played the lead in a film about gangsters and G-men!" Then there was a typist who, tossing her head in green ink on mauve notepaper, wrote as follows: "If it's history, I don't want to know it!" I see the typist's point of view. Cleopatra was a woman of some interest, and so too were Queen Elizabeth and Catherine the Great. There was also an unhappy lady called Mary Queen of Scots. But did any of these great women flounce out of a party in a temper because some other woman was wearing the same frock? And does any modern little girl think that Joan of Arc's behaviour before her judges can compare in interest and urgency with La Dietrich's behaviour on that recent occasion? Should Marlene have stayed in the room or should she not? The question will doubtless be debated to the end of time. Should Joan have abjured her voices or not? What Booms-a-Daisy expert cares!

# THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

## The Beethoven Film

And now to return to my colleague of *The Times*. Will he not look at the matter in this light? He knows and I know that the passion of love in Beethoven's life was all-my-eye and Giulietta Guicciardi! We both know that the passion of love is of account among artists only when they are artists of less than the highest magnitude. That to a Balzac and a Beethoven the Hanskas and the Guicciardis are less than the dust beneath Mrs. Amy Woodforde-Finden's chariot wheels. We know that a morning made up of quarrelling with his publisher, his impresario, and that infernal nephew—who so oddly reminds one of Samuel Butler's black-mailer, Pauli—we know, in so far as we are both of us working journalists, that a morning of this sort in a man of middle age looms far larger than half a dozen nights in the arms of half a dozen countesses. What would be of interest to my colleague and me would doubtless be a film showing how the fact that Beethoven was deaf made him write G flat instead of G sharp. No, foolish reader, I do *not* mean that Beethoven couldn't hear the difference between one note and the other! I am writing musicologically in the best Ernest Newman manner, and discussing what it was in Beethoven's mental make-up which made him write this tune instead of that. But does my colleague or does anybody believe that anybody would go to such a film excepting himself, myself, and possibly Mr. Newman himself? Lastly on this point, does my friend not realize that an enormous number of people will be found listening and looking at a film concerning Beethoven about whom they know nothing whatever, whereas in the ordinary way they would be listening to nonsense about the Vernon Castles and the Astaires? I do not for a moment mind the present film's pretence that the "Eroica" was composed after the "Pastoral Symphony." Or that Beethoven should be found alluding to the "Moonlight Sonata" by that name when, as every educated person knows, the title was given to it by a publisher. I agree that there is a great deal too much of that infernally hackneyed piece, and that the sequence in which while Beethoven lies dying a nun sings it to the words of the "Miserere" is monstrous. Nor do I believe that Beethoven, tucked away in the organ loft at Giulietta's marriage, would have performed his Funeral March instead of somebody's Wedding March. After all Beethoven was a gentleman! These things are the price we have to pay for hearing throughout the film quite a lot of quite good Beethoven quite well played. I am much more inclined to resentment when I find elementary spelling mistakes in the titling of a film on which a great deal of money has obviously been spent, the editors going wrong over the French words *orchestre* and *société* in large type! I also fault this film for engaging two actresses who are so much alike that you cannot tell which is the clinging Giulietta and which the cloying Thérèse von Brunswick. Most of all I think I object to the atmosphere of the whole whereby it all seems to be a part of some German light romantic opera with Willie Clarkson round the corner.

And yet the thing held me from beginning to end. I can prove that it held me by the fact that I entered the cinema in the very middle of the film and after Beethoven had gone deaf. I saw the picture to the end, and then, not out of duty because I already had sufficient material for an article, but out of sheer interest, sat it round again. And this in spite of the fact that I had to see (a) an intervening film about swans, which would have been quite good in its way but for the dreadful facetiae of the commentator, and (b) one of the worst Mickey Mice that I have ever seen. As I say, I sat the film round to where I started, and then found myself continuing to sit through a good deal of what I had already witnessed. I attribute this to the magnificent acting of M. Harry Baur, who made me feel more than once that I was actually in the presence of the great composer himself. The doctor friend I had with me is not a particularly literary nor a particularly musical man. And I think that his criticism admirably sums up this film. "What the devil do they want to talk for?" he said. "And why bother about these silly women? All I want to do is to look at that head and listen to the music!"



# AT THE GRAND PRIX MEETING AT LONGCHAMPS



MISS LORNA HARMSWORTH  
READY FOR THE FRAY



PRINCIPE CITO FILOMARINO DE BITETTO  
AND MR. AND MRS. "PETER" WIDENER



THE RANEE OF PUDUKOTA IN A  
DISTINCTIVE HAT



LORD CARNARVON AND  
LADY DUMFRIES



MR. R. B. STRASSBURGER AND  
MISS DORIS HUNT



SIR FRANCIS PEEK AND  
MISS EDITH LAMBART

All these pictures were taken on the day before the great day of the Grand Prix, but every one of the female population at any rate put on just as fine plumage as they did for the Sunday performance—for some of them see two other pages in this issue. The frocks were as attractive as or more so than the weather and the racing and this page is ample corroboration of this fact. As to the picture catalogue Miss Lorna Harmsworth is the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth's ex-deb. daughter and a granddaughter of Lord Rothermere. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Widener, "King" and "Queen" of the beautiful Hialeah course at Miami, were not out on one of their lucky days as their greatly fancied candidate for the Prix, Seymour, did not connect. Their companion in the picture is the head of the famous patrician family of Naples. The Rane of Pudukota's circular vizor hat was voted most becoming on all hands. Lady Dumfries, the former Lady Eileen Forbes, wore a black suit with a silver stripe and an attractive white hat. She is with one of the Turf's greatest enthusiasts. Miss Doris Hunt, looking particularly smart, is with the renowned American newspaper proprietor who had a box and a party, and finally Sir Francis Peek, who is with the Hon. Lionel Lambart's pretty daughter, has only recently finished being an A.D.C. to the Governor of the Bahamas



# Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"



AT PETERBOROUGH SHOW

Lord and Lady Ashton of Hyde and the Sinnington huntsman, George Gulwell. Lord Ashton of Hyde is Master of the Heythrop. There were twenty-one packs represented and the Beaufort Darnley won the dog championship and the North Stafford Problem the bitches'

plater at Sandown. It is extraordinary how punters, when going bad, will lay fantastic odds on the most deplorable horses, odds which would only be justified on Blue Peter in a two-year-old selling with permission from the stewards to start over-night. Speaking of two-year-old platers, those of today lead one to believe either that more really good horses are put in these races to gamble on, or else people tried them to be platers and found the general level so bad that their horses were good enough to win maiden plates, even with penalties. Glenprosen, Dapple, Woodside, Vintage Port, Dialect and Time Bomb, to mention a few, would all have been anyway placed in most of the Ascot two-year-old races.

Racing at Brighton has been very much improved in the last year or two by the building of new stands. Why no one was ever killed by falling through the rotten old boards on the old ones I don't know. No amount of improvements, however, could make up for Narcissus, Miss Contrary and Dapple, all odds-on, going down in a row, and it was with pretty sore pockets that that doyen of Turf writers, "Uncle Regular" and myself, caught the train for the metropolis. He had just returned with Gordon Richards from the Irish Derby and was much impressed by the reception given to the champion by the Mayor of Dublin and the Dail which stopped a debate to come out and welcome him. For a bunch of Irishmen to have stopped an argument shows in what high esteem he is held, and some slight reciprocation might engender better feelings between the two countries. On Joe Canty's next visit, the House of Commons might take as read one of those dreary speeches on our enormously increased output of munitions due to the sanctioning of a sub-committee to start sitting in 1940 to pass the designs just put in hand for shadow factories to be built to start production after the war, and welcome him. Who knows whether the ambassadorship of sport might not stop Irishmen letting off bombs all over

**L**A S T week's racing must have been nearly the blackest on record for punters. One who studies statistics assured me that seventeen odds-on favourites had been beaten during the week and the only one he hadn't been on was Miss Paget's

London in June, hitherto regarded as a close season for fireworks.

Sandown has such good dates, is so handy to London and has such visible racing that it is always popular and well attended. They get wonderful entries which in many cases pay for practically the whole stake and usually large surpluses from their selling plates. (This, of course, was not the case the other day, when I got beat a short head and there was no bid for the winner.) In fairness, they should employ part of their profits, for they do earn considerable profits, in covering the stands properly and giving us a bit more added money. Even in the Eclipse Stakes, in which the owners put up about £10,000, the added money for which they run is only £700! A further £800 is put up for the breeders to bribe them to enter their animals, but nothing is given to the owner of the *sire* of the placed horses, because he doesn't make the entries and hand on the liability to the purchasers.

The Sandown two-year-old course is an enigma. A few years ago nothing had a chance unless it was drawn on the far side. I believe the starting gate was altered to give those on the stands side a chance, since when even though the gate has been put back again nothing can win unless it is drawn on the stands side or can get across to race there. Again, this was always a course for short runners and top weights, while now it is the reverse. Is this because what were short runners in those days would be marathon horses nowadays? The finish is the trickiest in England from the point of view of spectators, and it has been said that only the judge and Harry Wragg know where the line is.

Mr. Marriott has made a wonderful job of the July Course, and the going at this meeting was the best I've ever seen on any racecourse. Mr. Peter Beatty was hardly given a fair price to trade at over his selling plater Samothrace, and but for a swerve at the last moment his uncle might have started an internecine war by beating him with Crayon Rouge.

Two or three nice two-year-olds ran in the July Stakes, Claudius by Tiberius being an exceptionally good goer and Copyhold a very good-

looking horse. None of them could go with the Rose of England colt, which doesn't look like getting beaten this year.

With the advent of so many French horses on our courses, it is thought that Mr. Jack Burns has been taking a course of French by post. He alone of all the bookmakers at Sandown pronounced Grain de Beauté with a true Parisian accent. The others called it Grain D. Boot, probably thinking it was called after some senator from Oshkosh, Pa.



LORD AND LADY SUIRDALE

Another snapshot at Peterborough where the camera was kept very busy, for half the hunting world was on the premises. Lord Suirdale is Lord Donoughmore's son and heir and Lady Suirdale the former Miss Dorothy Hotham



MORE PETERBOROUGH: CAPTAIN STIRLING STUART AND MRS. MAURICE KINGSCOTE

Mrs. Maurice Kingscote is the beautiful wife of the joint-Master of the Meynell. Captain Stirling Stuart was formerly in the Scots Greys

More pictures on opposite page



## A PUPPY SHOW— —AND OPENING DAY AT PETERBOROUGH



AT THE RUFFORD PUPPY SHOW AT WELLOW, NEWARK

Left to right: Lady Titchfield, Colonel R. Thompson, joint-M.F.H., Lady Peggy Cavendish-Bentinck, Mrs. Thompson, Major John Hole (with his presentation on retirement), and Lord Titchfield, joint-M.F.H.



AT PETERBOROUGH: LADY EXETER AND BRIG.-GEN. AND THE HON. MRS. A. F. H. FERGUSON



AT THE RINGSIDE AT PETERBOROUGH: MAJOR C. H. A. PELHAM, LORD EXETER (PRESIDENT) AND MISS A. CATHCART



SOME MORE PETERBOROUGH PERSONALITIES: MRS. HUGH PEACOCK, MRS. C. FIELD-MARSHAM AND LORD BRASSEY

Photos.: Holloway

The Rufford Puppy Show was excellent in every way, excepting one. The only snag was because it was a farewell party to Major John Hole, who has been their most excellent Hon. Sec. since 1934, and the Hunt presented him with a suitably inscribed cigarette-box (*vide* picture). The Masters had a particularly good young entry on the flags, and bar that it rained abominably, all else was well. So far as Peterborough is concerned, they had not got as far as what some people prefer to call the "Dog" show at the time the pictures were taken, and all the distinguished persons on this page were watching His Majesty's entries win in the cattle classes, and also the show of hunters and shires—latter very specially good.—The Marquess of Exeter, the President of Peterborough, is a former joint-Master of the Fitzwilliam and the father of another M.F.H. (now ex-), Lord Burghley. Lord Brassey of Apethorpe, seen in another picture, is perhaps better remembered by some as Major Leonard Brassey. His house, Apethorpe, is close to Peterborough, and Mrs. Hugh Peacock is his niece. The Hon. Mrs. Ferguson, who married Brig.-General Algernon Ferguson, formerly 2nd Life Guards, is a sister of Lord Hampden



# WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

## Modern Houses.

VERY little is sacred these days—a permanent view least of all. Speaking personally, however, I believe that a view is not half so important as it is supposed to be—not nearly so important in the way of permanent contentment as permanent tranquillity, a blessing well-nigh departed from the modern world! My own experience of a permanent view is that, after the novel pleasure of it has become a joy-taken-for-granted, it is only spasmodically looked at. It is nice to know it is there, of course, but very few householders, with something lovely to look at through their windows are so often lost in ecstatic contemplation of it as they expected to be when first their eyes rested upon its beauty. So, when, in front of my own house, a rather pleasant vista was suddenly obscured by a mammoth block of modern flats, the sympathy of friends was more than half-wasted. You see, I am blessed with one of those large windows which are supposed to let in all the light and air, but which the first consideration of the owner is to cover up with curtains, so that passers-by will not be cognisant of at least most of the household's secrets.

In any case, I have come to the conclusion that those modern houses mostly composed of glass are a snare and an absurdity—in this country, anyway. In the winter there is an eternal warfare between the radiators and the draught engendered by cold glass, with the radiators well beaten every time; while during the summer, one has the uncomfortable feeling of living perpetually behind a shop-window, with no corner anywhere wherein to evade the eyes of heaven, if not of one's neighbours, or any casual passer-by. The psychological effect is that there seems to be nowhere to go to be by yourself, alone and totally unobserved. So that the bathroom becomes at last the only household promise of relaxation of mind, body and spirit. No wonder it is usually the best room in a modern house or flat, and the most trumpy jerry-built villa can be said to sell itself so long as the lavatory tiles have sea-gulls flying all over them! It seems so queer that in so many of these modern houses the bath-room is so resplendent and that really far more important room, the kitchen, is lovely to look at but ridiculous to cook in—that is, if your requirement be something not much more space-demanding than frying a chop or boiling an egg.

But, queerest of all, perhaps, is the problem of where *do* the people come from who inhabit the hundreds of thousands of new houses which have been built since the war? With scarcely a tin-pot villa which has not been turned into two flats one would have thought that the need had long been satisfied, what with the population going down and everything. But no. With flats to be let and houses to be sold in all directions a mammoth block of expensive flats has recently shattered my own view, and there are other blocks to follow. No wonder out of four hundred in the bigger block only three are let! The only consolation is, however, that blocks of flats do concentrate people, whereas ribbon development and cheap bungalows merely scatter them in all directions. One day, perhaps, legislation will be required to preserve beauty or even ensure peace. But this being England it will not likely take place until the last pre-ultimate horror has been achieved. We shall be alive with rural preservation societies

when there is little left to preserve, except Clapham Common!

So that such an interesting and valuable book as is Professor Patrick Abercrombie's "The Book of the Modern House: A Panoramic Survey of Contemporary Domestic Design" (Hodder and Stoughton; 20s.) may be like a small voice crying in an area scheduled for development. The tragic aspect is that if town-planning in the first place had only been carried out by architectural experts, and promiscuous building had been professionally supervised



MAJOR AND MRS. FRANK RATTIGAN AT THE FIRST NIGHT OF "AFTER THE DANCE"—THEIR SON'S PLAY

Mr. Terence Rattigan's smartly written and clever play had an instantaneous success at the St. James's, as had also his *French Without Tears*, and the author's proud parents were there to witness it. Major Rattigan had a distinguished career in the Diplomatic Service and also served in the European War



LORD CARLTON IN A "PETER PAN" SETTING Lord and Lady Wharmcliffe's only son and a few friends in a pose which suggests another pretty picture located in Kensington Gardens. Lord Carlton was born in 1935 and has four sisters, all older than himself. The photograph was taken by Captain H. Baird, former Secretary of Princes Golf Club

originally, this green and pleasant land of England would not today show such vast areas of unsightliness, vulgarity and jerry-building of the worst possible type. The book is divided into sections. Apart from Professor Abercrombie's own admirable Introduction, Sir Guy Dawber writes of "The Country House"; Mr. Archie Gordon, one of the assistant secretaries of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, writes of "The Country Cottage"; Mr. Clifford Holliday of "The Town House"; Mr. Harold Bradshaw of "The Suburban House"; Mr. Stanley Churchill Ramsey of "The Ready-built House"; Mr. Lancelot Herman Keay of "The Working Man's House"; and other experts write of "Coastal Houses," "Houses in Sweden" and in America; while there are three chapters on interior decoration and furniture.

And not only is the book profusely illustrated with examples, but the plans of the various modern houses are shown, and in some instances their actual price. The book itself goes to prove conclusively that modern building can be as suitable and as beautiful as the older houses now seem to be. It is the kind of book I should like to place in every public library and in the offices of every town or county council. Should you yourself be contemplating building, it would be invaluable,

(Continued on page 12.)





BRITISH ACTORS AND ACTRESSES BROADCAST IN HONOUR OF THE KING AND QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE U.S.A.:  
(L. TO R.) GREER GARSON, LESLIE HOWARD, VIVIEN LEIGH, BRIAN AHERNE, RONALD COLMAN, AND BASIL RATHBONE



MOVITA (MRS. JACK DOYLE), NOW EN ROUTE  
TO ENGLAND FROM HOLLYWOOD

The all-star top photograph was taken in Hollywood during the visit of Their Majesties to America. Greer Garson will always be remembered for her superb acting in the rôle of Mrs. Chips in *Good-bye, Mr. Chips*; she is now back in Hollywood working on her new picture, *Susan and God*. Leslie Howard, who is in the cast of *Gone With the Wind*, is now hard at work on *Intermezzo* with Edna Best. Vivien Leigh takes the leading rôle of Scarlett O'Hara in *Gone With the Wind*, due here very shortly. Brian Aherne plays in Hal Roach's latest production, *Captain Fury*. Ronald Colman and Basil Rathbone are in *Sherlock Holmes*, which is a follow-up to *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. Mrs. Jack Doyle will arrive in England on July 10, to see her husband's fight with Eddie Phillips at the White City. Ginger Rogers, after her great success in *The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle*, gets a new partner, David Niven, in R.K.O.'s *Little Mother*.



GINGER ROGERS, WHO SHARES THE HONOURS  
WITH FRED ASTAIRE IN "THE STORY OF VERNON  
AND IRENE CASTLE"



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

while, if you are merely interested in modern architecture and in modern building developments only as an observer, the book is a whole mine of information; a delight to look at and to study.

## Thoughts from "The Book of the Modern House."

"The prevalent idea with some people seems to be to live in glass houses, with flat roofs, and even in the remotest parts of the country to avoid privacy as much as possible."

"Most important of all is that cottages should be neighbourly and polite towards each other, as well as towards their natural surroundings."

"It is said that the best-dressed man is the least noticeable in any assembly; so is the house most pleasing which fits in with its surroundings, and yet has a character and distinction of its own."

## "Gods" Falling Down.

The gods of Mr. Malcolm Elwin's book, "Old Gods Falling" (Collins; 15s.), are the gods of Respectability, Humbug and Hypocrisy, as they were reflected tottering in literature from the 'nineties to 1918, roughly. Some are deliberately pushed over by the writer himself, and always with entertaining effect. George Moore, as writer, and Robert Louis Stevenson, in his domestic life, for instance. Moore goes down with an especially resounding crash. Not, perhaps, so deafening as it might have been years ago, because Moore never had a very large public, except for two books, "Esther Waters" and "Confessions of a Young Man." Nevertheless a resounding bump, because any author who lives to a very ripe old age becomes somewhat sacrosanct, especially in the mind of those who have not read him. Anybody in England after eighty achieves a second glamour. Mr. Elwin's critical gaze can, however, be unbecomingly searching.

The George Moore chapters are entitled "George Moore: Tragedy or Farce." On the whole, Mr. Elwin proves the case for farce. "If he had not been a 'card,'" he writes, "and so convinced a tiny majority with his limited editions that he was a genius, he would now be reckoned as a one-book author. . . . Of the tiny majority which saved him—at least temporarily—from this fate some few may have suspected his true character as a 'card.'" The genius of R. L. S. remains intact, but his private life affords an interesting story of strange and not-so-strange love-affairs; with Mrs. Stevenson as devoted gaoler at the end. The more so a gaoler because their marriage had afforded a good deal of scandal, and in those days to be the object of scandal was far, far worse than having, say, insanity in the family.

Nevertheless, she was probably good for him—like quinine. And I shall always remember her for the sake of a letter which she wrote concerning a former feminine influence on her husband's life, which struck me as being a perfect specimen of a superb thrust. She wrote concerning Mrs. Sitwell: "Give my dearest love to my pretty friend, who really (but that you must know as well as I) grows more lovely as time passes by. I wish I knew how she did it." Evidence shows, however, that Mrs. Stevenson was one of those devoted, possessive, rather hateful women who allow their husbands no life apart from themselves and permit neither friendship outside

their dictates nor even one sentimental ghost to float by out of the past.

After the elaborate studies of Moore and Stevenson, we pass on to Andrew Lang, Rider Haggard, the Edwardian romantics and, perhaps, the most entertaining chapter of all, "Best Sellers," which includes a gem by Hall Caine, when he strove to achieve literature: "The winter was cold and the ground was white, but two roses of love still grew in the garden of God. The frost could not freeze the two roses of love, for they were warmed by the air of heaven; the sun could not scorch the two roses of love, for they were watered from the wells of life. Two roses of love on a single stem; two roses of love in two fond young hearts; two roses of love and joy." Magnificent! You would have nowadays to go to the pictures to find anything quite as sickly and mushy as

that—and I dare wager you would find the picture-house crammed! We don't read such balderdash to-day—we listen to it! Which goes to prove again one of Mr. Elwin's contentions—that now the old gods of Respectability, Humbug and Hypocrisy are not only falling, but fallen. Fiction has attained an intelligent vitality which it has never had before. Only it must be confessed that Respectability, Humbug and Hypocrisy do make for good plots.

Metaphorically speaking, there is no mental agony and suspense in the tale of a woman who seeks self-determination and self-expression in six divorces and two dozen lovers: at least, not nearly so much as when she was only morally allowed one husband, if still alive, and had to make do with what she had sworn to at the altar. Hence the brilliant nothing-very-much of nine-tenths of modern novels. Finally, Mr. Elwin gives us an acutely critical analysis of the work of Arnold Bennett, who, like Galsworthy, he considers, will have another height added to his literary pedestal by posterity. Altogether this is a delightful companion-volume to his already popular book, "Victorian Wallflowers." You may not always agree with his verdicts, but you will always be interested in his point of view and entertained by his debunking of the Victorian's falling gods—"and may they never be

reinstated in abominable idolatry," he declares.

## 887 Pages of it!

"Next in Valour" (Hamish Hamilton; 10s. 6d.), by John Jennings, in spite of its interesting plot and clever descriptive passages, still remains one of those long, long stories which would be all the better if they had been condensed by half—novels which offer inordinate length without corresponding depth. The story is told by James Ferguson, who belonged to a Jacobite family living in Perthshire. After his father's death, when his evil cousin turned both traitor and coward, he went to New Hampshire, where he learned to live the life of a backwoodsman. Here he was loved by Dorcas and Purity. Dorcas he married, but Purity's behaviour puzzled him strangely. There are fights with Indians, villains and spies galore—and the French. At last Jamie joined up with Roger's Rangers, and, thanks to his tactics and persuasion, the British generals won Quebec for Wolfe. As I wrote above, it is interesting, well written, but far, far too long.



Yvonne Gregory

## MISS PATRICIA HAMBRO, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED

The engagement of Captain and Mrs. Angus Hambro's only daughter was announced on June 27 to Mr. J. W. R. Woodroffe, only son of Brig.-Gen. C. R. Woodroffe, of North Wells, Bembridge, Isle of Wight, and of the late Mrs. Woodroffe. Captain Angus Hambro is the Member for North Dorset



## FOR THEIR DAUGHTERS

The Hon. Mrs. Henry Milles-Lade  
and Mrs. Douglas Jennings give a dance



SUPPER-TIME FOR MR. SPENSER  
FORBES AND MISS ANNE PAGET



LADY ANN STUART-WORTLEY AND MR. JOHN HANKEY  
REFRESHING BETWEEN DANCES



MR. CHRISTOPHER SELWYN AND LADY  
BARBARA STUART-WORTLEY (A DEB.)



MISS DIANA MILLES-LADE OFF TO  
SUPPER WITH MR. C. PRESTON



MR. STEPHENS AND  
MISS MARGARET  
CAREY-EVANS

Last week Lord Sondes' sister-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Henry Milles-Lade, and Mrs. Douglas Jennings gave a joint dance at 6, Stanhope Gate, for their respective daughters, Miss Diana and Miss Isabel Milles-Lade and Miss Sybil Jennings. See just above for one of the heroines of the evening. It was obvious that young and older all enjoyed this good party, for which Lady Wharncliffe, mother of Lady Ann, Lady Diana and Lady Barbara Stuart-Wortley, was amongst dinner hostesses. Miss Anne Smyth-Pigott and her first cousin, Miss "Edie" Moore, daughter of Captain Charles Moore, the manager of His Majesty's Stud, are both débutantes and nieces of Lord Denbigh. Mr. Ivo Stourton, home from Bermuda, where he is Provost-Marshall General, is Mrs. Bobbie Ducas' brother and a kinsman of Lord Mowbray, Segrave and Stourton. Mr. John Maude is Mr. Cyril Maude's barrister son, and Miss Margaret Carey-Evans is Mr. Lloyd George's popular granddaughter



LADY CLARE SMYTH-PIGOTT,  
MR. IVO STOURTON, AND MISS  
ANNE SMYTH-PIGOTT



MR. JOHN MAUDE AND MISS BISHOP;  
(RIGHT) MR. AND MRS. "BOBBIE"  
DUCAS AND MISS MOORE KEEP SMILING





# CONCERNING GOLF :: By HENRY LONGHURST

HAVING concluded a busman's week-end, playing in the French Open Championship, I arrived home with the impression that Le Touquet has one of the finest courses in Great Britain. To call Le Touquet French would be, as I am sure my numerous French golfing friends would agree, a gross exaggeration. Why, even the notice-boards are printed in English, while the upturned moustaches of the military gentlemen from London bristle as thick there as the rushes at Westward Ho! Furthermore, the New course was designed by Englishmen, Mr. Harry Colt and Captain Hugh Alison; the president is an Englishman, Mr. Stoneham; and the secretary, Mr. H. O. Hobson, is English, too. Perhaps I should have described these gentlemen, to be on the safe side, as British, in case one of them has Scottish blood in his veins—but the point remains.

People had often sung the praises of this New course, but, frankly, I was not prepared to accept it as comparable with Sandwich until I had seen for myself. Henry Cotton, upon whom I chanced just before leaving, informed me that I should be doing pretty well if I ever got round it in 75 (yes, I did—once), and that some of the scores would be positively astronomical. He was certainly right.

In appearance the New course has a strong resemblance to Birkdale. The sandhills, among which it is built, are every bit as majestic, with the difference that they come more directly into play than at Birkdale, and the rough in each case consists largely of those devastating little bushes that lie close to the ground and enmesh the ball among their wiry branches. Over 72 holes they present a terrifying hazard, for they lie in wait very often within fifteen or twenty yards of the correct line of play, and that, especially in the early morning, with the nerves on edge and the "Casino swing" in operation, is a microscopic margin. Never have I heard so continuous a flow of hard-luck stories. "How many did you take?" "Well, I stood on the fifteenth tee with level fours for a 74..." "Yes, but how many did you take?" "Well, if you must know—83." With perhaps half-a-dozen exceptions, not a round was played that "ought not to have been six shots better."

Le Touquet differs from most championship courses in that it offers scarcely anything in the shape of a drive-and-a-pitch. In fact, the third was the only "sitting" four on the course. For the rest, wooden clubs and long irons were the order of the day for the second shots, granted always the perfect drive. There are three short holes—and the seventeenth. And what fun—slightly agonising fun—this seventeenth was! It is 225 yards long; the wind was from the left to right, and most of the professionals were taking a driver. The entrance to the narrow green, a gully, perhaps fifteen yards wide, is bounded on each side by the golfer's nightmare, a series of sharply rising

sandhills covered with miniature fir-trees and this infernal scrub. The hole took so long to play, what with one adventure and another, that three couples were always waiting on the tee, and in the whole tournament I think I saw only one couple get away without playing a provisional ball between them. By the time one had waited twenty minutes on the tee the shot was mentally, if not physically, almost unplayable. But what a grand golf course! Don't in any circumstances miss it if you have the chance.

I was sorry to see T. Odams lose this championship, and delighted to see Martin Posé, the South American, win it. Odams started with rounds of 70, 71, 69, which gave him a seven-strokes lead—a magnificent performance. Then he faltered with a 76, while Posé equalled the course record with a series of fours and threes which added up to 68. Posé, who was only beaten at the twentieth by Dai Rees in the semi-final of the recent Leeds tournament, is good enough to have a remote prospect of winning the British Open—a statement I should not care to make about more than, perhaps, seven or eight of the field. Odams, a young Englishman attached to a Belgian club, is that *rarissima avis*—a golfer who is just about twice as good as he thinks.

Meanwhile, returning to home affairs, I am asked to remind you of the fourth annual competition in aid of the Children's Country Holidays Fund, which is being held on Monday next, July 10, at Moor Park. There will be a ladies' medal tournament in the morning and four-somes—men, ladies, or mixed—in the afternoon. It costs half-a-guinea for your entry, and send it by July 6 to the Countess of Brecknock, Westbourne House, Westbourne Street, London, W.2.



Poole, Dublin

## A NEW CHAMPION

Mr. Gerald H. Owens, of Skerries, County Dublin, who became Irish Amateur golf champion when he defeated Dr. Roy McConnell (winner in 1935) by 6 and 5 in the thirty-six-holes final at Rosse's Point, County Sligo. Earlier in the championship Mr. Owens knocked out Mr. James Bruen, the British Walker Cup player, who won the title as a schoolboy in 1937 and held it last year



FRED ASTAIRE PLAYS THE GAME

Back in Hollywood after a trip to Ireland with his wife to visit his brother-in-law and sister, Lord and Lady Charles Cavendish, at Lismore Castle, Fred Astaire had a few peaceful games of golf before getting busy with the new picture he makes for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. His latest London showing with Ginger Rogers—*The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle*, at the New Gallery—is having its expected success



## GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



## BROXBOURNE GOLF CLUB—BY "MEL"

One of the great attractions of this Hertfordshire course is that it is so adjacent to the railway station, and one can be on the first tee within half an hour of leaving Liverpool Street. The course, which has a length of 6370 yards, with a bogey of 78, is quite up to modern standards. In actual play it appears many yards longer, arising from the conformation and contour of the fairways. Broxbourne is just sufficiently undulating to produce exhilaration without fatigue. It is built on what might be called the grand scale—that is to say, there is plenty of room in which to operate. As regards the nineteenth, the Club has a well-stocked cellar and a highly efficient steward to attend to the needs of the inner man. The secretary, J. D. A. Scott, is a very good golfer and a capable business man, well suited to his job. The professional, W. E. Brown, is a first-rate coach and club-maker, and prior to his present post was attached to the Bishop's Stortford Club

## WEIGHTY WORDS AT



MR. MARK PILKINGTON WITH  
LADY FIONA FULLER



MRS. DUNCAN SANDYS AND  
MR. CHRISTOPHER FULLER

## THE 1900 CLUB DINNER



LADY BROCKET AND  
LORD ADDINGTON



H.E. COUNT EDWARD RACZINSKI  
AND LADY ZETLAND



LORD BRIDGEMAN, LORD QUEENBOROUGH,  
AND LADY BRIDGEMAN



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR FREDERICK  
AND LADY SYKES



LADY LONDONDERRY  
AND LORD HALIFAX

The 1900 Club dinner at Grosvenor House, at which the Foreign Secretary was the guest of honour, cannot be classed as one of the season's frivolities, for there were weighty and very timely words toward, especially from Lord Halifax and Mr. Winston Churchill, who followed him. Neither of these eminent statesmen used the word "menacing," but anyone able to read between the lines probably knew exactly what was at the back of their minds. Lord Halifax, for instance, said that although it appeared a short while ago that there would be at least a few months of tranquillity, these hopes had been dissipated. Mr. Churchill, never slow in speaking his mind, emphasised the deterioration in the International situation and stressed the absolute importance of our country's linking arms with Russia. Lord Londonderry presided at this dinner, and his equally clever wife was Lord Halifax's dinner *vis-à-vis*. The presence of the Polish Ambassador, Count Edward Racinski, a particularly popular personality in our London society, was opportune and apposite in the present situation. The French and Turkish Ambassadors were likewise present, another circumstance which was in keeping at this moment. Those who have done good service to our State were represented by the Secretary of State for India, Lord Zetland, and Sir Frederick Sykes, a former Governor of Bombay



MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL  
AND LADY ELIBANK



*Dorothy Wilding***MARRIED FIFTY YEARS: THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND**

Looking at these lifelike studies of the gracious châtelaine of Welbeck Abbey, anyone could be excused for refusing to believe that it was as long ago as 1889 that Miss Winifred Dallas-Yorke became the bride of the sixth Duke of Portland. However, the fact remains that on Sunday, June 11, this very devoted couple celebrated their golden wedding, at their historic Nottinghamshire home. There was no house-party, and except for reading thousands of congratulatory telegrams, to deal with which the Worksop Post Office was specially kept open, the great day was spent quietly. Two days later the freedom of Worksop was presented to the Duke and Duchess of Portland, whose public service to this borough and throughout their home county is beyond price

**ANOTHER STUDY OF HER GRACE**

# LA GRANDE SEMAINE— —PARIS REALLY GAY



MME. ROBERT REVEL—FRANCE'S  
SMARTEST RACE-GOER



AT AUTEUIL: THE MARQUISE DE MONTESQUIOU-FÉZENSAC  
AND S.A. THE PRINCESSE JEROME MURAT



MLLE. MARINA CHALIAPIN,  
DAUGHTER OF POOR CHALIAPIN



MLLE. DE WARDENER AND MME. JEAN  
DUPUY; (BELOW) THE COMTE AND COMTESSE  
DE MONTFERRIER AND MISS WAGNER



AT THE RITZ GRILL: SEÑOR DE LANDA  
AND MRS. BERNARD RUBIN



AT LONGCHAMP: MR. HARRY KENT  
AND MISS IRENE DENBIGH; (BELOW)  
MYRNA LOY ALSO GOES RACING



Racing, 'chasing, polo-ing, dining, dancing, and at all times giving the rest of the world a big lead in how to wear smart things, Paris has nobly upheld her own best record during the recent Grande Semaine. They got a better chance than our own lovelies did at Ascot or Hurlingham, and, as will be evident, made the most of it. Corroboration: Mme. Robert Revel, in an exquisitely tailored pale grey suit seen at Longchamp; and the two equally beautifully turned-out people in the next picture. The Princesse Jerome Murat was all in black, with a black and burnt-yellow straw hat. Poor Chaliapin's daughter had just been to the Exhibition of Diaghileff and Lifar Ballets at the Louvre. More Parisian *chic* is demonstrated by Miss de Wardener and Mme. Jean Dupuy. The gossips say that Mrs. Bernard Rubin's engagement to Señor de Landa will be announced almost at once. Miss Denbigh, with one of the best-known members of the English colony, is a very good golfer and has just won at Rheims—prize, a case of bubbly. The Comte and Comtesse de Montferrier and attractive friend were watching polo at Bagatelle, and Myrna Loy has just arrived from the U.S.A.





## THE GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY OF THE EIFFEL TOWER



H.E. M. DE BRESSY (FRENCH F.O.)  
AND MRS. VIOLET TREFUSIS



SIGNOR GIOVANNI STAGNI AND PRINCESS  
ALEXANDRA OF GREECE



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF WINDSOR, THE  
DUCHESS, AND M. ARTURO LOPEZ-WILSHAW



MME. LOPEZ-WILSHAW AND M. "BÉBÉ"  
BERARD, THE PAINTER; (BELOW) MME.  
VERA MAZZUCHI AND MME. DE TINAN



SONIA LADY HORLICK, LADY LOUIS  
MOUNTBATTEN; (BEHIND THEM)  
LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN



LADY HARDWICKE (LORD HARDWICKE AT BACK) AND  
COMTE JEAN DE BRETEUIL; (BELOW) THE MARQUISE  
DE TALLEYRAND AND BARON POULENC

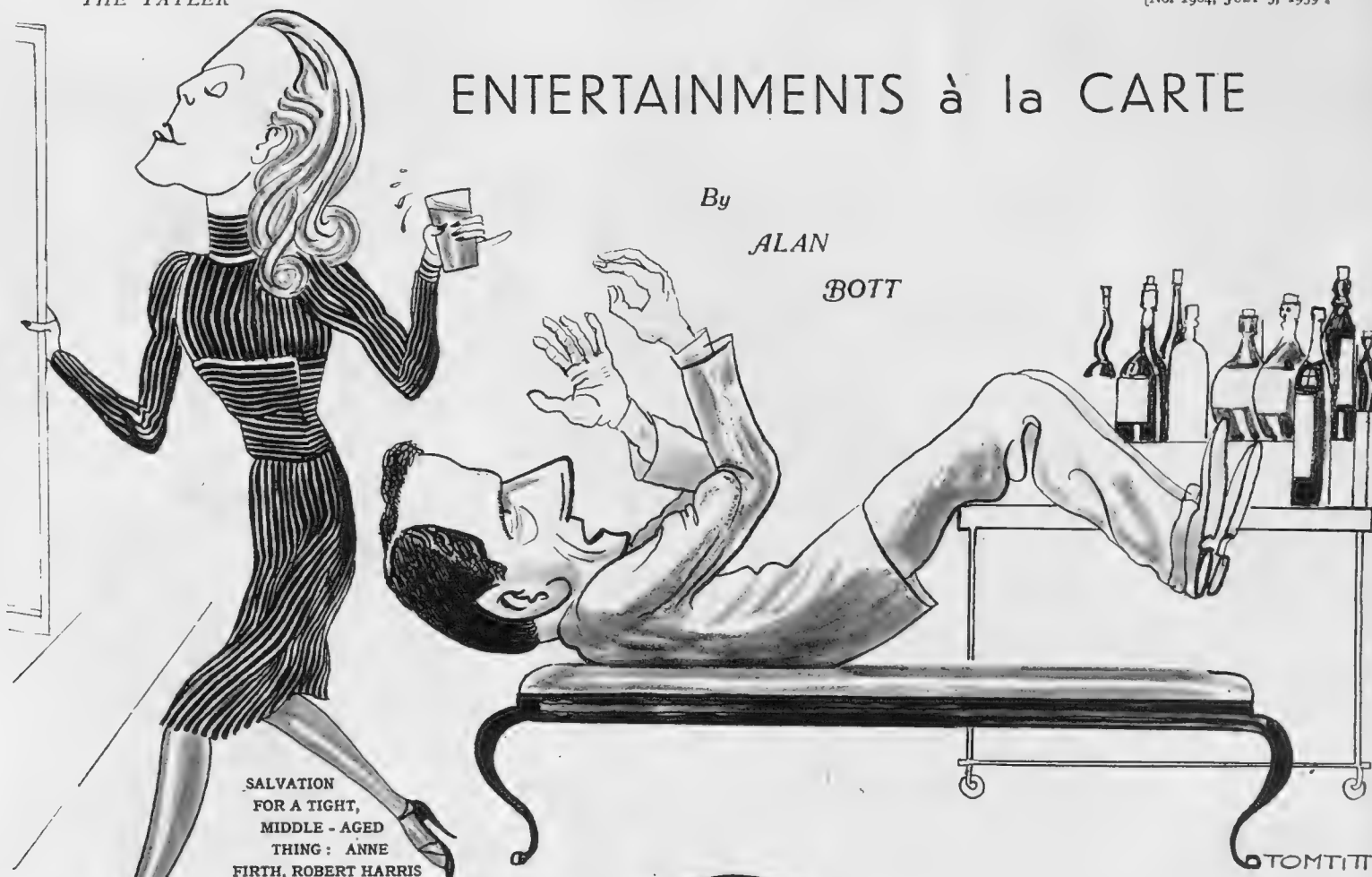


Royalty in the person of H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor, attended by the ever-beautifully-turned-out Duchess of Windsor, honoured the Gala des Noces d'Or de la Tour Eiffel—a thing which we in English should call something like its Golden Wedding. The indoor clothes, as may be noticed, perhaps, were as smart as the outdoor ones on the preceding page, and all manner of celebrities were there to wear them. Mrs. Trefusis, seen with the second-in-command at the French Foreign Office (tipped as the next Ambassador to London), is the elder daughter of the Hon. George and Mrs. Keppel. Princess Alexandra, daughter of the late King Alexander of Greece, was looking as attractive as ever, and the wife of M. Lopez-Wilshaw is with an artist they call "Bébé"! Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten tore themselves away from London and even from its polo to be present. In another picture is Mme. Mazzuchi, whose lucky husband is the proprietor of Perrier Jouet. Lady Hardwicke, who was one of the smartest people there, is the former Miss Sarah Lindley



## ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By

ALAN  
BOTT

SALVATION  
FOR A TIGHT,  
MIDDLE-AGED  
THING: ANNE  
FIRTH, ROBERT HARRIS

**M**Y dear Mona—After so long, to be in touch warms what's left of the heart, though it seems that you wrote me only because, having read a notice of a play about Bright Young Things that were, you wondered

whether ghosts from our past had walked the stage. I went to investigate at the St. James's Theatre; and as it turned out the play, *After the Dance*, fed my pleasure rather than your curiosity. It's well-invented and the writing is better than good enough. It sets a minor problem or two, and includes a heroine who, hiding unwanted emotion beneath brave flippancy, goes to her chosen death with a gesture that causes you pleasant regret but no pain (for that, you don't believe in her and the rest sufficiently).

In fact, there are signs that the so clever and versatile author, Master Terence Rattigan, may develop into the *Pinero de nos jours*.

But shades from the 1920's? You and I would hardly recognise them as such. For ghosts, I suppose, stay put in their backgrounds and original shapes; whereas live 'uns change their habits, like their skins, every seven years or so. Scene 1, the Scott-Fowler's luxurious penthouse, Mayfair. Time, mid-day; and time, in the view of the languid permanent guest who lies on the settee in a fancy dressing-gown, marches drearily on. Enter, in pyjamas, Joan S.-F., clutching her forehead in lieu of her hangover: "Bring me the pledge—I want to sign it right away." But she pours herself a hefty tumbler of gin. Enter, not long later, Julia, one of their



"JOHN REID, A  
FAMILIAR FRIEND":  
MARTIN WALKER

not-so-young gang, to proclaim that she's stinking, having drunk much brandy while flying from Le Touquet, where she lost her drawers and whence she's brought an awful young Cyril whose surname she's forgotten. Re-enter Joan: "Julia, you old cow! How are you?" They all drink some more; Julia promises, and proceeds, to spill the dirt about their mutual friends the dopers and heavy drinkers and frequent fornicators—survivors all from the age of bright young thingummies. There is much talk about parties of far away and long ago, where all present got stinking or paralytic. Joan and Julia (with the Cyril in tow) exit for more dirt-spilling while Joan takes a bath. Enter Joan's husband, David: he gives himself a triple whisky, a doctor having just told him that unless he cuts out all drink he's due for cirrhosis and a coffin. A Solemn Young Thing called Helen, who wants to reform him, pours this particular tippie into the depths of Mayfair; but more gins for Joan and whiskies for John (the permanent guest) splash before lunch happens and the Curtain falls on the radiogram playing a cracked record of "Avalon," one of the minor song-tunes from 1927 and all that.

So Peggy, my rather too sunshiny young niece, looked rather too long at the inoffensive Armagnac I ordered during the *entr'acte*, and asked: "Uncle Charles, were you all *really* so awful, so *frightfully* Lonsdale



## Once I Was a Bright Young Thing

as that?" I said we might have been; but we weren't, you know. Yes, we drank plenty; and yes, there were a few (say, one half of one per cent.) snowbirds in our midst; and yes, we were indiscriminate in horizontal exercise; and yes, we were often footling, flamboyant, pretentiously uncaring, more than a bit vulgar: our parties, I dare say, were as vulgar as any since the Regency. But next to none of us were as insistently stinking as the crowd in *After the Dance*. Young Mr. Rattigan, I should guess, must have collected all the high spots from a B.Y.T. survivor. Was there casual marriage in the 1920's? Then his Joan and David, twelve years ago, were having an *affaire* when one day they got very drunk together and thought it would be fun to get married; so they did—that's their story, and they've stuck to the attitude ever since. Were there, in the course of the tintinnabulating 'twenties, one or two drunks who broke their necks by falling (or being pushed) off balustrades? Then balustrade-dropping must be discussed as a regular habit of the B.Y.T.s; and when David thinks himself in love with the grim young Helen, and the play demands a tragedy from Joan, a nice, quiet drop from the balustrade is the very thing. But the main point is that at any rate we *were* young, and entitled to a sowing of wild oats. This play assumes that the same people continue to do likewise in ungraceful middle-age. The party in the second Act is full of Tight Middle-aged Things, quacking about what Bloomsbury was; and only one authentic *revenant* from the 'twenties, who has migrated to Manchester, is there to tell 'em they're as dated as hell.

*Ça n'existe plus.* Or if it does, I never see it in London among the B.Y.T.s that were. I know some in Parliament; one who's a hunting queen and now looks like her own favourite mare; several who do pretty well in banking and whatnot; two that work off their restlessness by travelling the wide world and writing long books about small countries; some who've gone Catholic or Anglo-Catholic; many more that have turned into parents and fairly bright bourgeois—including you, who keep pet goats in Shropshire, and I, who have just built myself a swimming-pool into which none will fall and be drowned because they're paralytic. Of those who cling to the rude old days I know only Millicent; and even she threatens to turn egg-dealer, having got custody of the ducks and hens when, *en troisième nocces*, she was lately divorced by Arthur.

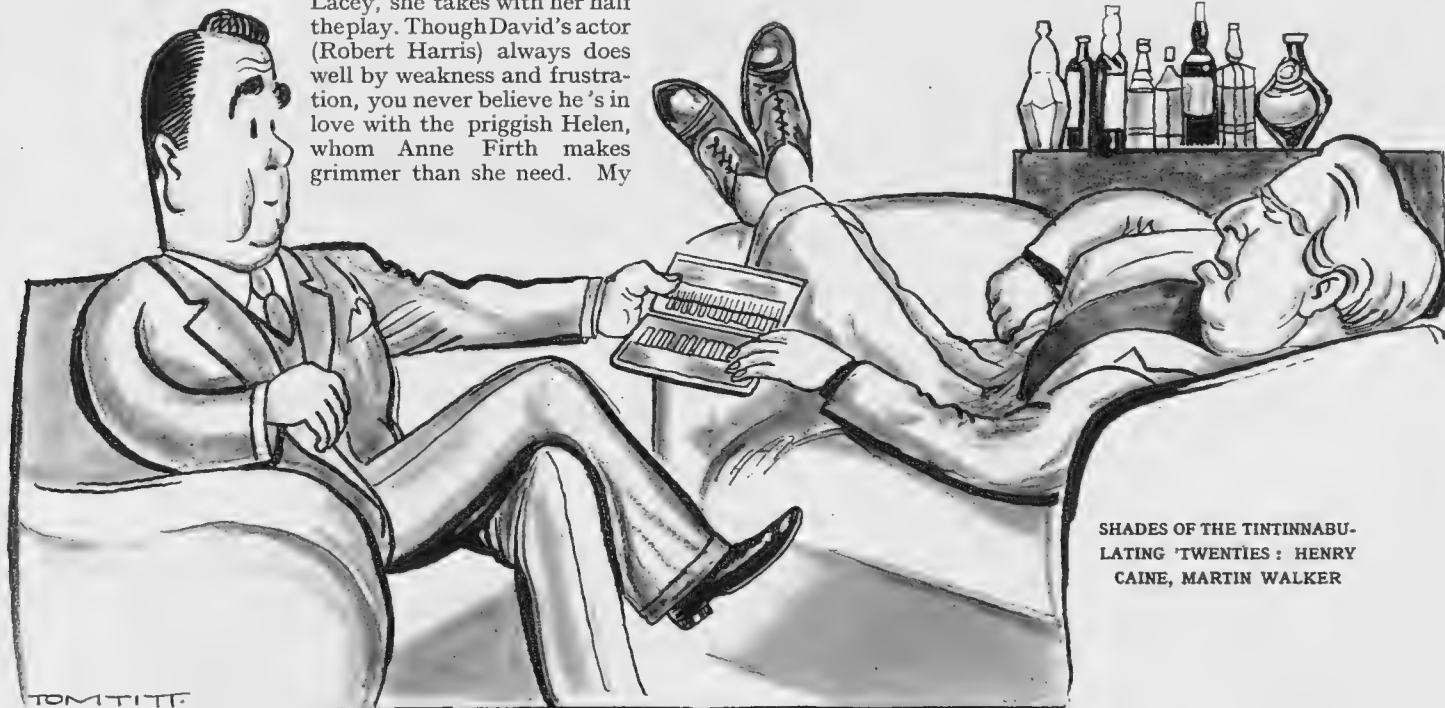
So you will find none of your personal ghosts in *After the Dance*; unless, like its Joan, you've been a misunderstanding wife. For Joan, even when young, was a Nice Girl Really: she loved her drunkard-husband, but fearing to bore him with love, she let concealment like a worm in the bud feed on her Ardened cheek. Whereas what David wanted was somebody to make him pretend to work more. Hence, when young Helen filled his need, Joan's dive over the balustrade, while the greatly overproduced drinkers and stinkers are singing her "Avalon." Finely played as she is by Catherine

Lacey, she takes with her half the play. Though David's actor (Robert Harris) always does well by weakness and frustration, you never believe he's in love with the priggish Helen, whom Anne Firth makes grimmer than she need. My

SHE LEFT HER LOVE IN AVALON:  
CATHERINE LACEY, ROBERT  
HARRIS



niece assured me that such an appalling pi-gobbler was out of to-day's type, and wouldn't have stood an earthly for what seems to be the equivalent of Pop in St. Catherine's, her late school. But John, the amusing sponger in the play, who saves Helen for her former young man and David for drink and cirrhosis, runs eminently true to type: he's the "John Reid, a familiar friend" of Pinero drama (Martin Walker, by the way, plays him with exquisite taste and distaste). Strip all these of the labels they're made to wear—Bright, Not So Young Things and Solemn Younger Things—and old friends of the theatre crop up again, as well as old tunes. But not old times. Those, my dear Mona, we wouldn't have as a gift. "Or would we?"—Yours still affectionately, CHARLES.



SHADES OF THE TINTINNABU-  
LATING 'TWENTIES: HENRY  
CAINE, MARTIN WALKER

# Priscilla in Paris

THE Eiffel Tower is a sanguinary old lady, isn't she, Très Cher? I forget how many lives were lost as her rivetted carcass was reared towards the stars, and I wouldn't care to hazard a guess at the number of despairing souls who have used her as a diving-board into eternity. On the night of her birthday-party, there was another tragedy when the black-and-white flash of a man in evening dress went hurtling down into space. It happened so quickly that hardly anyone on the tower realised what had occurred, and no gloom was cast, at the moment, on the distinguished merry-makers who were dining there.

The Duke and Duchess of Windsor were at Mme. Georges Bonnet's table (unless it was the other way round), and the Duchess, whose gowns are a source of joy to the fashion-writers, was wearing a frock of tricolor sequins under her sable wrap. "British colours!" said the French guests present. "No," countered the English, not to be outdone in courtesy, "the colours of France!" M. Bressy, of the Quai d'Orsay, wisely settled the question: the Duchess was wearing the colours of the *Entente Cordiale*. Sweet are the uses of diplomacy.

After dinner there were the usual fireworks for which all dinners on the Eiffel Tower are famous, and the almost inevitable—given the date of the lady's—shall I say "foundation," "creation," or "birth"?—Naughty 'Nineties' entertainment. Maria de Villar was a seductive "Belle Otero," but, if one may judge from photographs, a good deal slimmer than the Spanish charmer has ever been; and Laure Diana, who has specialised in songs and dances of that period, for all that she carried off the first prize of a modern *Concours d'Élégance* the day before, looked very charming in an 1889 frock and exhibited legs that run Mistinguett's a close second. Mme. Alfred Fabre-Luce danced the quadrille and André de Fouquières waxed reminiscent and melancholy over those dear days—or rather, nights—of yore when he was the most famous *cotillon* leader in Paris. "Lovely party!" said his Royal Highness, looking as if he really meant it. "Lovely party!" And we all echoed the gracious approbation.

Nevertheless, and—to quote an American friend of mine—"with all doo deference to the Dook," an even lovelier party happened at Maxim's to celebrate the 300th performance of Jean Cocteau's *Les Parents Terribles*.

Maybe I feel this way because I have the theatre mind, and anything that has to do with "the profession" delights me. Also, I prefer parties to which one can go only by invitation, and I enjoy myself more in the company of those who have achieved fame by their work and talent than I do when I am with any other category of biped.

*Tout Paris* of the worlds of the theatre and letters forgathered at Maxim's at midnight in the merriest mood that we have known since last September. Great anxieties and little worries were parked with *le vestiaire*. Alice Cocéa, who played lead and staged *Les Parents Terribles* last autumn, received her guests in a white organdie picture-frock that made her look like sweet seventeen (leaving out the bit about the lack of kisses), and Roger Capgras, who played host, for once donned a white tie. Cocteau was the last to arrive, having had a job of work that evening with the presentation of Raymond Rouleau's production of Racine's *Britannicus* in modern dress.

As well as all the stage celebrities, I am told that Chanel and Schiaparelli were there, but I didn't see them, being occupied at my own table in a heart-to-heart discussion with



MME. JEAN AVOT AND EVELYNE

A recent photograph taken at L'Escapade, Le Touquet, where Mme. Avot and her young daughter are in residence. Née Jacquelin Dupuy, she is the daughter of Pierre Dupuy, head of the famous Paris newspaper "Le Petit Parisien," and Deputy for the French possessions in India. Mme. Avot is a well-known all-round sportswoman, having made a name for herself both in the hunting-field and on the golf-course. She is also a keen skater and swimmer.



SIMONE SIMON

This charming French film-actress was snapped at the recent "Gala des Trois Cents," held at the Ambassadeurs in Paris, which has just reopened its doors for the summer. It will be remembered that she took the part of Severene Roubard in that superb picture *La Bête Humaine*, in which she played opposite Jean Gabin. Her latest picture, which, it is reported, is now in course of production, is entitled *Cavalcade d'Amour*.

Harry Baur over the respective merits of our beloved Skyes. He also got me to translate James Agate's open letter (*vide Tatler*, May 31) to Charles Laughton, and asked me whether I thought that the eminent English critic was aware that he, Harry Baur, had made his name on the stage long before he acted for the "philums." I took it upon myself to assure him that Mistaire Agatte knows more about the French stage than do most of the French critics themselves, and we left it at that.

Paris is smiling over the latest news of Sacha Guitry's "fourth"-coming marriage. He and his young 'ooman have retired into private life at Sacha's recently-acquired Château de Ternay, at Fontenay le Fleury, but they forgot the publicity that attends the publishing of banns. A Press photographer, holiday-making in the village, photographed the announcement as soon as it was posted up outside the local *Mairie*, and next day it was splashed across the front page of an evening paper. After that it was easy to discover that the new wedding takes place at the village church, since Sacha, according to the R.C. religion, has never yet been married, the civil ceremonies that linked him to Charlotte Lyses, Yvonne Printemps, and Jacqueline Delubac being non-existent in the eyes of the Church! PRISCILLA.



## AT CAPTAIN RODZIANKO'S PARTY

MR. FREDERICK PEARSON AND  
PRINCESS HÉLÈNE DE ROHANMR. AND MRS. JOHN DE LÁSZLÓ (THE FORMER MISS  
PEGGY CRUISE) AND PRINCESS MAY DE ROHANMISS ELIZABETH LUBY  
AND LORD TOWNSHENDMAJOR HOWARD KERR  
AND MISS ELYSE-KINGLADY CAMPBELL-ORDE, NEE WATTS, WITH PRINCE  
EMANUEL AND PRINCE GEORGE GALITZINEDRESSED TO KILL: MR. SHANE  
LESLIE AND MISS ENEVER

Count Serge Rodzianko, formerly of the Imperial Russian Cavalry and now well known in London, where he has published several books, gave a late-night party at his Chelsea studio during the last week of the International Horse Show. Guests of honour were officers competing at Olympia, and many other friends, amongst them the Duke of Gloucester's Equerry, Major Howard Kerr, accepted invitations with pleasure. Author-journalist Shane Leslie, son of Sir John Leslie, was determined not to be eclipsed by the uniforms of the Cavalry chaps, and Miss Barbara Enever was



LESLIE BANKS AND DAUGHTER



MRS. BYRON AND SIR STEPHEN BULL

another who thought the occasion worthy of fancy-dress. The Princes Emanuel and George Galitzine, fellow-countrymen of the host, belong to a family descended from Rurik, first Prince of Russia (A.D. 862). Mr. Frederick Pearson, philanthropist and fox-hunter, owns Selby Hall in Leicestershire. Sir Stephen Bull, not so long back from flying round India, has just taken a flat in Ryder Street, his mother and brothers having left Cadogan Gardens for Cheyne Walk. Mr. Leslie Banks, of great film fame, brought attractive Miss Daphne Banks to this very good party



## THE HAPPY MEMORIES



MRS. R. G. EDWARDS (CHAIRMAN) AND  
LADY WADDILOVE (VICE-CHAIRMAN)



ROBERT NAINBY SINGS ONE  
OF HIS OLD SONGS

## BALL AT THE SAVOY



THE COUNTESS OF DUDLEY (GERTIE MILLAR)  
AND LUPINO LANE DID A TERRIFIC TURN



LADY PATRICIA FRENCH STUDIES THE  
PROGRAMME WITH BERTRAM WALLIS



EVELYN LAYE SANG "I'LL SEE YOU  
AGAIN," FROM "BITTER SWEET"



AND JOE COYNE DID A SOLO  
DANCE TO "TEA FOR TWO"

Photos. : Swaabe

The Gaiety has gone, or will have very shortly, Daly's is a vast home for canned entertainment, the Lyceum is going, but nothing can take away the memories of those grand old places. Never was this fact more clearly demonstrated than at that successful gathering at the Savoy, "The Happy Memories Ball," in aid of the Edith Edwards Preventorium, for the prevention of tuberculosis. The ball was held under the chairmanship of Mrs. R. G. Edwards, who, together with Lady Waddilove (vice-chairman), received the guests. Lady Dudley (Gertie Millar) sang two of her old songs, and Robert Nainby, now in his seventieth year, said it was worse than a first night, but he sang "Her Golden Hair was Hanging Down Her Back," from *The Shop Girl*, without any traces of the passage of the years. Then there was Joe Coyne, the original Danilo of *The Merry Widow*, who danced a solo dance to "Tea for Two," out of *No, No, Nanette*. Another high spot of the evening was Evelyn Laye singing that lovely thing from *Bitter Sweet*, "I'll See You Again." Perhaps the zenith of the evening was reached when Lupino Lane sang the "Lambeth Walk" and then initiated Lady Dudley into the art of performing it. Bertram Wallis very ably compèred the cabaret





## A LADY MENDEL PARTY AT VERSAILLES

By OLIVER MESSEL

The above is a scene from one of Lady Mendl's world-famed parties at her villa at Versailles, which she gives from time to time, always lighting on some amusing new notion with which to divert her friends. Recently she invited a hundred socialites to meet fifteen women and girls who are largely responsible for the glamorous appearance of the chic Parisienne. This skilled team consisted of masseuses, manicurists and make-up artists from the staff of Elizabeth Arden. The very successful party took the form of a *thé dansant* and was attended by such well-known people as the Duchess of Windsor and Baron Louis de Rothschild. On July 1, this renowned hostess gave a dance for 500 people, to which many Londoners were invited. Lady Mendl's husband, Sir Charles Mendl, has been Press Attaché at the British Embassy in Paris since 1926





## THE FLOTSAM AND

By CHARLES

An artist's conception of what the sailorman and his lady friend may see if they are extremely fortunate. Actually, though most people river, the hard and uncompromising fact remains that no one has ever encountered one of these ladies. It is permissible, nevertheless, to might be like if ever they had any fishy existence. The old stave which told us what a mariner might have felt like when "married to a mermaid" standing all this, the mermaid legend persists. It dates back to the Sirenes who were such a sore trial to that virtuous married man Ulysses. to a spot called Davy Jones's Locker. In Germany, even this modern realistic Germany, they do not entirely rule out the possibility of the

Street and other hard-boiled centres, to believe in any kind of fairy, but there are none the less some spots





## JETSAM OF THE SEA

ROBINSON

would like to believe in mermaids and also the Rhine maidens who lured Sir Rupert the Fearless to the bed of that attractive and romantic for any artist to make use of them for purely pictorial purposes, and Mr. Charles Robinson presents a very attractive picture of what they mermaid" at the bottom of the deep blue sea, never has constituted such evidence as any court of law would accept as relevant. Notwith- According to the poet Homer, they lived near Scylla and filled in all their spare time endeavouring to lure the susceptible mariners these under-water witches. *Rheingold* and the legend of the Niebelungen are collateral supports. It is not customary, as we know in Fleet s of a more romantic disposition where the conviction is strong that things are not always what they seem





"THE POPULAR FAVOURITE" After the original painting by Ernest Prater

Today there are two other popular favourites—Player's "Medium" and "Mild." The famous "Medium" Navy Cut Cigarettes remain the unquestioned favourite with millions, but smokers of "mild" Cigarettes are becoming increasingly enthusiastic about the greater pleasure they are getting from this "Mild" blend of the unrivalled Player Tobacco.



*Player's Please*

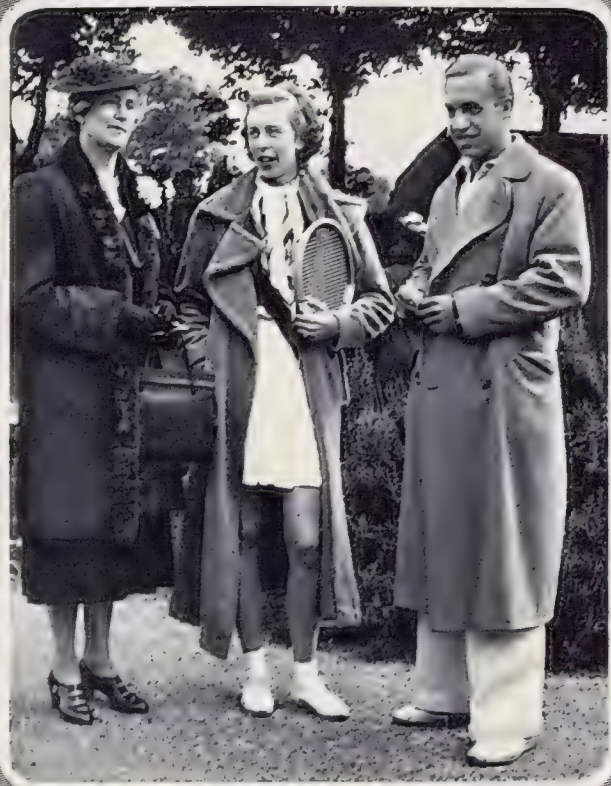
**MEDIUM OR MILD**

20 - 10½" 50 - 27½"  
PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED



# WIMBLEDONIANS

## -OLD AND NEW



MISS GRACEYN WHEELER WITH HER MOTHER AND HER DOUBLES PARTNER, HENNER HENKEL



GEORGE LYTTLETON ROGERS AND HIS SWISS BRIDE



MISS LUMB, MME. MATHIEU, TEDDY TINLING (WHO IS REFEREEING) AND MISS HELEN JACOBS



ONLOOKERS ONLY: DONALD BUDGE AND BARON VON CRAMM



AMERICAN NEWCOMERS: ELWOOD COOKE AND BOBBY RIGGS WITH MISS MARY HARDWICK AND GEORGE GODSELL, GLOUCESTERSHIRE TENNIS PLAYER AND CRICKETER



MR. C. R. GLANVILL, CHAIRMAN, L.T.A., AND MR. FRED STOWE

Photos.: Stuart

On this page are some of the people contributing to the fashionable epidemic of the moment—Wimbledon neck. Miss Graceyn Wheeler, fifth in U.S.A. ranking, brought her mother over this summer, and before featuring at the All-England Club played in several Continental tournaments with her Wimbledon partner, Henner Henkel. The latter is Germany's No. 1, and at the time of writing is making a bold bid to succeed Donald Budge as Singles champion. That so-brilliant Budge is only an onlooker this year has undoubtedly robbed Wimbledon of much of its sparkle. There are reports that Baron von Cramm may be going to join him in the professional ranks. George Lyttleton Rogers, Irish International and tallest competitor, has his Swiss bride, the former Mlle. Greton Konenber, as audience this time. Find Teddy Tinling, dress designer, and busy just now as assistant referee, with three candidates for chief feminine honours—to wit, our squash champion, Miss Margot Lumb, France's steady-as-a-rock Mme. Mathieu, and America's Miss Helen Jacobs, winner in 1936, finalist five times, and a big Centre Court draw. Her countrymen, Elwood Cooke and Bobby Riggs, are both "seeds" new to Wimbledon; Riggs is ranked No. 1 of America. The Chairman of the L.T.A. is seen sharing a joke with Mr. Fred Stowe, captain of this year's Davis Cup team, who plays for Middlesex and is always known as "The Skip"



# Pictures in the Fire

By  
"SABRETACHE"

certain Power. Let us hope that there will not be a *de facto* usurpation until Reason has had a chance to come into its own.

And touching and concerning the very young, they are all delightful things at the start of the Big Race, and almost without exception it is Circumstance or their forebears which make them otherwise.

The modern child too often gets the rough side of the world's tongue quite undeservedly. It may take more than a generation to breed out the effects of the times and conditions in which they live and have been compelled to live for twenty years and more, and nothing like sufficient allowance is made for this fact. It is not suggested that the pre-war vintage of child had nothing to ruin its nerve and influence its character, because it had. The modern child escapes some, at any rate, of the things which made the paths of those others strewn with broken bottles. Gone (I hope) is the little boy whose parents compelled to be a violinist, and who was yanked out at his fond mamma's "Afternoon" to show off his talents in Braga's Serenata, in which he was accompanied on the drawing-room grand piano by a sadistic elder sister who invariably tried to beat him to the finish by keeping at least half a bar ahead of him. Gone



Kinsey Bros.

## H.E. THE VICEROY OF INDIA AND LADY LINLITHGOW AND STAFF IN SIMLA

A group taken at Viceregal Lodge, Simla, after the King's Birthday Parade, which happens at every station in India on that occasion and is proclaimed a public holiday. Lord Linlithgow was appointed in 1936 and has had one period of short leave in England.

Lady Joan Hope is their Excellencies' second daughter

The full list of names in the above picture is: (l. to r., standing) Captain Chandos Pole, A.D.C., Captain Burns, A.D.C., Captain F. H. G. Bridgeman, A.D.C., Mr. P. G. E. Nash, I.C.S., Major W. E. Maxwell, C.I.E., Captain Kerr, A.D.C., Mr. E. R. Kitchen, I.C.S., Captain W. L. Consett, A.D.C.; (seated) Lady Joan Hope, Mr. J. G. Laithwaite, Private Secretary to the Viceroy; H.E. the Viceroy, H.E. the Marchioness of Linlithgow, Lieut.-Colonel C. G. Toogood, Lieut.-Colonel H. H. Elliot, M.B.E., Surgeon to the Viceroy

It is announced in the public Press that two railway porters (ex) have broken records in the matters of (a) stature—6 ft. 6 in.; and (b) diversity of service—99 stations. This, of course, is all most excellent and exciting, but we still wait for news of the railway porter who has broken the record in pronunciation. Not speaking out of the book, I say upon information and belief that the broadcaster of "Kisscowhogwowwallopscramscat," meaning either "Cyrencester" or "Westonsuper-mayor," is unbeaten.

Although no public expression has been given to the fact, it is not because our thoughts have not been with two very charming little children to whom the perils of the sea and below it during a recent Great Adventure have been very real indeed. These things have been present in the minds of all of us, even though we have kept our lips tightly sealed. One of these dangers—ice—is the common risk of all who travel the northern seas at a certain season of the year. The other was not a common risk; but we felt that it was present, none the less. Such a thing would have made an appeal to the real ruler of a



Paterson

## AT THE 40th A.T.S. INSPECTION AT INVERNESS

Lady Maud Baillie, Senior Commandant, Inverness, and her husband, Colonel the Hon. Evan Baillie, M.C., of Ballindarroch and of Dochfour, Inverness-shire (son of Baroness Burton), arriving at the Cameron Barracks, Inverness, to inspect the 40th Inverness A.T.S. On the extreme left of the picture is Mrs. Charles Ian Fraser, wife of Captain C. I. Fraser of Reelig, and late of Newstead Abbey. He is in Lovat's Scouts



## LIEUT.-COLONEL J. T. WEATHERBY'S XI. AT THE COWLEY CRICKET WEEK

The side which beat the Oxford and Bucks regimental team on the opening day by 4 wickets, the regiment only getting 157. The Cowley cricket week is ever one of the pleasantest, and if only the weather does its duty as well as the gallant hosts have always done theirs, there is never any hitch

The names are: (back) C. Weatherby, L. C. Kaye, T. J. Bligh, A. Gow, P. A. T. Holme, and J. Cox; (seated) J. Weatherby, S. C. B. Lee (the former Oxfordshire County captain), Lieut.-Colonel J. T. Weatherby, T. Curtis, and W. Logan





Pool, Dublin

# AT THE INTERNATIONAL CLAY PIGEON SHOOT

Two of the Irish team: Mrs. Harry Peard (the only woman competitor) and the Hon. Bryan Bellew, Lord Bellew's brother. The shoot was at Shanganagh, Co. Wicklow. England (the holders) won

is handled far more sensibly, and on an all-round reckoning is very well-mouthed and well-mannered—if given any kind of a chance. His forerunner was quite often encouraged to show off.

Two dates which I think people may like to keep vacant are July 14 and 15, being those of the Metropolitan Police Horse Show and Tournament at Imber Court, Thames Ditton, and at which Air Vice-Marshal Sir Philip Game, the Commissioner of Police, and the Committee of the Imber Court Horse Show Society are at home. It is always first-class, and unless you have seen what the Mounted Branch M.P. and their steeds can do, you have

also (I hope) is that poor little girl who had to recite something by Mrs. Hemans with appropriate gesture taught her by a governess whose false teeth looked as if they had been stuck in with red sealing-wax. These performances, so far as my memory serves me, were usually demanded on a hot and puggy afternoon when everyone was cross and clammy and the audience was composed of rival mamas and the greenery-gallery, Grosvenor Gallery young men who thought it was rather uplifting to frequent such entertainments. This sort of thing, I am sure, had quite as devastating an effect upon the nervous system of the young of those times as the aftermath of air raids unquestionably has had upon their successors. The modern child



Pool, Dublin

# CAPTAINS OF THE TEAMS AT THE INTERNATIONAL CLAY PIGEON SHOOT IN CO. WICKLOW

The names are: (l. to r.) Mr. J. A. Thomson (Scotland; 2nd), Mr. T. H. Hughes (Wales; 3rd), Mr. C. H. Campion (England, winners, with 1878 kills for 20 guns), and Dr. P. J. Keogh (Ireland). England beat her previous best of 1814 at Gleneagles in 1937

no idea of what it is. The public sees a certain number of these horses in the streets of London, and, I hope, carries a bag of lump-sugar in its pocket with which to feed them, for they thoroughly understand it, because that is the stuff upon which they have been broken. But it is not until you visit them at their home that you realise what marvels they are. Nothing frightens them, because they have been so gently treated. They never twitch an ear or blink an eye, even when the noisiest motor-car makes all the most infernal noises of which it is capable bang under their noses or their tails. Bombs, flags, drums, and braying trumpets, a yelling and jostling crowd have no terrors for them, and you can throw the reins on their necks and leave them to look after themselves (and you) whilst being ridden over every possible kind of obstacle and impediment in the path. These horses seem to have eyes in their feet. There is this also to it: the police horses are all bought from British farmers, at anything from three years old upwards, and a good many of them are pretty nearly clean bred.

The police displays at these shows beat Banagher for excellence, and the whole thing from start to finish is wonderfully run. Trust the Police for that.



Norman Brown

# AT THE INSPECTION OF THE 4th/5th CAMERON HIGHLANDERS

Major-General Sir Neville Cameron, Colonel of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, H.M. the King being Colonel-in-Chief, taking the salute at the march-past at Barry Camp, Angus. Others in the picture are: (l. to r.) Lieut.-Colonel A. Cattanaich, Cameron of Lochiel, Major-Gen. J. S. Drew (G.O.C. 52nd Div.), and Major Lord Cawdor

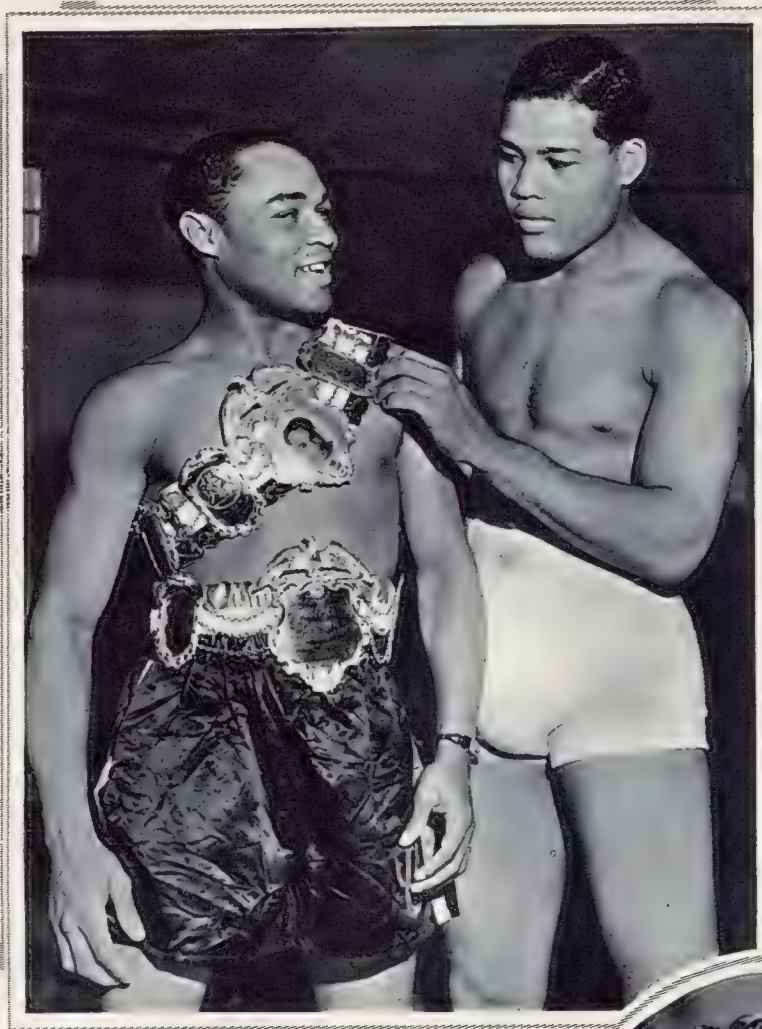


# THE OXFORDSHIRE AND BUCKINGHAMSHIRE REGIMENTAL SIDE AT COWLEY BARRACKS

During the regimental cricket week, when the weather was not of the kindest, the regiment played four matches, the winners in one of them being displayed in the adjacent picture (left)

The names in the above group are: (l. to r., back) 2nd Lieut. H. W. A. Ruck-Keene, 2nd Lieut. H. J. Mogg, Lieut. P. M. Hughes, Lieut. H. H. Van Straubenzee, Captain P. J. Luard, and Lance-Sergt. Cox; (front) Captain M. M. Alston-Roberts-West, Major J. P. A. Graham, Lieut. A. Clerke-Brown (captain), Captain L. L. Falkiner, and Major E. Smith





HENRY ARMSTRONG—WELTER-WEIGHT  
WORLD CHAMPION, AND JOE LOUIS,  
WORLD CHAMPION

A quite recent picture taken at Pompton Lakes, where Joe trained for his fight against "Two-Ton" Tony Galento on June 28. Henry Armstrong is America's little brown wonder, whom London saw and liked so much when he fought our Ernie Roderick. The decorations Joe Louis is inspecting are the world's welter-weight belt and the other a special one awarded to Armstrong for holding two world's titles at the same time

PAT arrived in New York, and on his way from the docks, up on the Bowery, he saw a ten-dollar gold piece lying on the ground. Picking it up, he said, "They used to tell me back home in Dublin that I could pick up gold in the streets of New York. I didn't believe it, but it's true."

A little farther on he saw a blind man begging. Going up to him he pushed the gold piece into his open hand, saying:

"Here you are, you poor critter. I can see to pick 'em up, and you can't."

A new reporter had been sent along to interview a famous boxer. Presently he staggered into the editor's office. "Well," snapped the chief, "did you get anything?"

"Yes, sir," moaned the other, pointing to two black eyes, "these!"

"We can't print those!" said the editor. "What did he say to you?"

"You can't print that, either," was the reply.



ERIC BOON, THE LIGHT-WEIGHT  
CHAMPION

A close-up taken at his training quarters at Southend where he was readying-up for his fight with Johnny McGrory at Peterborough. Eric Boon is due for a return match with Dave Crowley, from whom he won the light-weight title. They will meet in London in August. Eric Boon is very anxious to have a crack at Henry Armstrong

## BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

An advertising concern commissioned a sky-writer to take his 'plane over New York City. He was to write the name of a certain brand of soup in smoke above the city.

It was a very clear day when the pilot started out. When he reached the desired altitude he pressed a button, but instead of the name of the soup, all that came was "Ah! Ah! Ah!"

When he returned to the field the advertising agent was waiting for him.

"What the thunder do you think you've been doing?" he shrieked. "We instructed you to write the name of the soup—and you go and write 'Ah! Ah! Ah!' all over the sky! What's wrong with you?"

The pilot sighed deeply. "I just couldn't help myself," he murmured. "The sky was so beautiful up there."

"Cook," said the lady of the house, "I really must complain about that friend who comes to see you. Last night she stayed so late that I couldn't get to sleep because of her laughter."

"I'm sorry, ma'am," replied the cook. "I was telling her about that time you tried to make a cake."

He was a strict teetotaller, but, unfortunately, had a very red nose. One day a customer said to him: "I say, old man, what is wrong with your nose?"

"Nothing at all," replied the red-nosed one. "It is simply blushing with pride because it does not stick itself into other people's affairs."

A church worker called at a small cottage where the occupants were lax in the matter of church attendance.

To her delight, she was asked if she could supply the wife with a certain church magazine. As she did not have one with her she trudged a considerable distance to get a copy, finally arriving back breathlessly at the cottage with the magazine.

"Oh, thank you so much," gushed the woman. "You see, my man wants to do a bit of poaching to-night, and he wants to know when the moon is up."

Bobby had been taken up to see his new twin sisters.

"Aren't you glad now," said his father, "that you prayed for a baby sister?"

"Yes," replied Bobby, grinning, "and aren't you glad I stopped when I did?"

Mike was dawdling along on his way to work, looking half-asleep. Pat overtook him, and slapped him heartily on the back.

"What's wrong wid ye this fine morning?" he cried. "It's half-asleep that ye're looking."

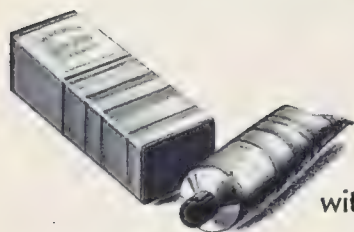
Mike turned a bleary eye on his friend. "And it's tired I am after feeling," he said. "Wasn't I up half the night?"

"What was the trouble?" Pat asked anxiously.

"It was the cat," replied Mike. "Wasn't I sitting there till gone two waiting for her to come in so I could put her out for the night?"



## THE MODERN WOMAN — ELIZABETH ARDEN'S MASTERPIECE



Where the sunlight trembles back from a dancing sea and white beaches glimmer with noon-tide radiance—bask and laze without harm to your beauty! Thanks

to Elizabeth Arden's incomparable SUNPRUF CREAM, your skin will remain soft, fresh, delicate. Not only is SUNPRUF CREAM a perfect powder foundation, but it allows your skin to acquire an exquisite nectarine glow; applied more generously, it wards off suntan altogether.

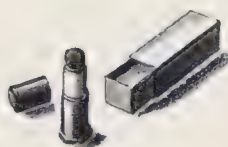
very fair, you may prefer PROTECTA CREAM LOTION . . . sure guard, even



If, however, you are for the most sensitive

skin, against all sunburn and unattractive freckles. It too, makes an excellent powder foundation . . . and is quite waterproof. Whichever you choose,

rouge, nail varnish . . . Miss Arden's



have for your accent STOP RED . . . lipstick, arresting, gay new red . . . superb comple-

ment to summer complexions! Sunpruf Cream—the tube - - 3/6 & 5/6. Protecta Cream Lotion—the

bottle - - - 6/6. Stop Red Lipstick, rouge, nail varnish—complete make-up box - - - 16/6.

*Elizabeth Arden*

Elizabeth Arden Ltd



# POLO NOTES :: "SERREFILE"

By

"SERREFILE"



AT THE CHAMPION CUP

Captain W. F. Butler, the No. 1 of The Ghosts' team which put up such a fine fight with The Jaguars, talking to Mrs. Shannon before the opening of hostilities

**D**ESPITE anything that may be advanced to the contrary, it is only the bare, unvarnished truth to assert that Polo G.H.Q. has given the public full measure pressed down and running over in the way of entertainment value in a season that has had a great deal against it. That which we have seen in the weeks which have included the Inter-Regimental, the Championship and the Subalterns' Cup has been better than we might catch in a month of Sundays in the ordinary course of events. The "perdoocers" of this magic shadow show, which we call polo, had everything against them, and if, unhappily, this is the last polo season we are likely to see for some years, they can look back with pride upon what has been done. It has shown us (a) that whatever the future may hold the class of Army polo is on the upgrade at this moment; (b) that civilian polo is not exactly moribund—corroborative evidence: The Jaguars (late Pandas), Someries House, The Ghosts, Edmundsbury, Adsdean, to pick the best strawberries at the top of the basket. To re-state the obvious fact that the handicap assessments have been a marvel to behold is redundant verbiage—a thing which I think we can let people like the Herr Doktor Göbbels have to themselves. Look at the results in

both the open and handicap events. To cite only three contests: the final in the Inter-Regimental, won by a goal on the post—result in the air the whole journey—correct polo to match; the final of the Championship ditto ditto; the Subalterns', a dead-heat on time, and then won by a goal for a foul hook in the run-off. Added to this we have had that clinking good battle between the 10th Hussars and the 9th Lancers at Tidworth, 9—8, in the third round of the Inter-Regimental, and another when the 12th Lancers won in the first semi-final at Hurlingham 8—7 from the 15th/19th Hussars: just the spin of a coin either way up to the last minute of as hefty a scrap as we have seen. And all this in spite of the nuts and bolts being away in the U.S.A. and the embargo on military polo excepting on the various units' own dust-heaps. If the quality had been bad it would not be possible to draw attention to the purely entertainment value. But it has been just the reverse—very good.



ALSO MRS. GEORGE MERCER-NAIRNE AND LADY MINTO

It was absolutely Arctic at Hurlingham on Championship day—hence the furs. Mr. Mercer-Nairne is a son of the late Lord Charles Mercer-Nairne and of Lady Violet Astor, the youngest daughter of the late Earl of Minto

**T**here is this further: the season, so far as it has gone—and we are nothing like done with it yet—has disclosed individual quality, of some of which we have been aware and some of which has been disclosed to us. A few cases: (1) Captain Humphrey Guinness (Greys) going better than ever, and what a loss to us in America—Skene, Balding, Tyrrell-Martin, Guinness in that order might have given us a very different story to tell of the International adventure; (2) Major W. R. N. Hinde (15th/19th Hussars) according to many competent judges not much behind the 1936 International, Humphrey Guinness; (3) Captain M. N. E. Macmullen (10th Royal Hussars), certainly the best No. 1 in England at the moment and a definite future stand-in if the world's most poisonous broadcaster does not interfere; (4) Captain A. M. Horsburgh-Porter (12th Lancers), a No. 3 worth a lot more than the six goals at which he is handicapped—a fine striker with, what is more, a head on him and a great knowledge of pace; (5) Captain W. F. Butler (13th Hussars), only handicapped at 6, a No. 3 by trade in his regiment, but ref.: his No. 1 performance in The Ghosts' team in the Championship—a first-class ride, excellent shot, and never flurried; (6) Captain Lord Louis Mountbatten, R.N., far too modestly handicapped at five goals—an absolute stone wall of a back, never off his station, with a capacity for the long ball by the air route and a super-good C.O. of any side with which he has to do. We saw the drill in the 1936 Royal Navy side—we have seen it in his little amateur Adsdean team. When he has to go to sea, he will be badly missed, both in the field and in the polo council chamber, for he has a deep knowledge of this game and is the man behind our new "Code Napoleon"; (7) the Hon. Keith Rous, another


(Continued on page ii)



THE CANNES TEAM AT BAGATELLE

A group taken during Paris's Grande Semaine at the French Hurlingham. The names are: (l. to r.) M. J. Fenestreir, Mr. and Mrs. Randa Balding, M. Henri Couturier, Miss Edith Kahler, stepdaughter of Herr Weiminger, who ran the polo in Berlin for many years; and M. Philippe Davey





**I**f you're a wet-bob you probably take a poor view of drought in the boathouse.

Well, here's refreshment worthy to fill all the goblets and  
Cups in  
Henley.



## WHITBREAD'S PALE ALE

WHITBREAD'S PALE ALE BREWED AND BOTTLED BY WHITBREAD & CO., LTD., LONDON, E.C.1.





Stuart

**PRINCESSE ANTOINETTE OF MONACO  
WITH "TOTO" BRUGNON**

Princesse Antoinette is such a keen tennis player that she has come all the way from the Principality, and at the same time braving the horrors of an English summer, to be a spectator at Wimbledon, where she has been given a seat with the competitors. She won a handicap prize at the recent Monte Carlo tournament and is a very promising player for only eighteen. With her is "Toto" Brugnon, who with Borotra (the ageless old firm), put up such a fine show in the Doubles at Wimbledon

holiday that has captured the imagination of the masses, wanted to show me round, so that I could see the huge dance halls, where literally thousands of young people who, a day or two before, had arrived at the camps entirely on their own, were already mateyly dancing the Palais Glide together as though they had known each other for years; the billiard-rooms, with dozens of tables; the recreation-rooms where whist drives were in progress for the older folk; and, last of all, just before midnight was striking, he led me down one of the rose-lined paths that led between the châteaux that house the happy holiday-makers, to where, on the horizon, a glow like that of a thousand refracted Neon lights showed the lay-out of the forty hard tennis courts that are free for the inmates.

Inmates! That sounds as though I had been visiting a lunatic asylum. Well, perhaps some people would have thought they were inside such an institution if they had seen what I saw at the end of that long path. Two young men at midnight with two tennis balls between them—balls that would have been discarded long ago as worn out footballs by street arabs—eagerly, painstakingly, passionately trying to play a game whose rules they did not know, so that as soon as one had served to the other his opponent straightway on the next point served back again at him; not knowing the proper way to hold their racket even—just relying on their eye and their youth and the optimism of youth to make a game of it somehow. I stood

# LAWN TENNIS : By GODFREY WINN

I WANT to start this week with a silhouette that is carved upon the background of my brain for ever. Last Saturday night, after a long train journey, I arrived at a famous holiday camp just outside Skegness, where I was due to give a talk to the campers the next day. But first Mr. Butlin, the genius behind this new idea of summer

watching them for some minutes, drinking in the atmosphere and comparing it with the one that I had been, like all tennis enthusiasts, looking forward to for months, the atmosphere of the Centre Court, once more in use again for a fortnight that flies by on the wings of the spectators' enjoyment.

A flood-lit tennis court in a holiday camp at Skegness. The court that is the Mecca of all tennis players from all over the world, who long to pass through that door, so guarded, so exclusive, with its familiar quotation in letters of gold over the lintel: "If you can meet with triumph and disaster and treat these two impostors just the same." What a contrast!—and the contrast has been in my mind ever since, so that I thought it might be not wasted space if I took as my theme this week the reason why so many players, with far more facilities for improving their game than those two Newcastle lads on holiday at Skegness, never get out of the "rabbit" class, or, at any rate, never reach further than the standard of what is known as an ordinary club player.

Of course, I am not suggesting that Perrys or Austins in embryo are to be found in every club, or that there are a multitude of budding Jean Nicolls breaking their sporting hearts for encouragement, as they play after they leave their office desks upon the park courts of our provincial cities. But I am suggesting that many more players would reach Wimbledon standard—and, after all, there is all the difference in the world between the players who have the

honour to be seeded and those who are also granted what is a considerable honour, and that is, to be reckoned good enough to take part in the qualifying competition for one of the last eight places—but, instead, get so far and then stick, because they depend too much upon the virtues of their game, and take too little trouble to eradicate the weaknesses. Well, they should take to heart the example of a nineteen-year-old youth, A. G. Mottram, from Warwickshire (or is it Leicestershire?), who provided the usual sensation of some sort on the first day at Wimbledon by defeating Eric Filby, who last year covered himself in glory in the first round by taking Austin to five sets on the Centre Court. Since then Filby, so far from advancing, has, if anything, retrogressed, because he lacks the concentration to fill up the gaps in his game, while the boy who defeated him, in the twelfth game of the fifth set, thoroughly deserved his victory, because his own game is scientifically built on the only basis that makes for lasting success. I studied and analysed the match, and the reasons why Mottram won can be defined under three headings. He realises what the Americans have always appreciated, but so few English people do: that though the first use of the service may be to put the ball into play, for a player to lose his service should be considered as much a disgrace—especially if the loss is repeated several times in a match—as for a woman to imagine that as soon as she has brought an heir into the world her responsibilities in regard to that heir are at an end. The difference between Mottram's first service and his second are negligible. Many players may possess a "terror" of a first delivery, but what is the use of that if not more than one out of a dozen goes into court and their second service is such a pat or a push that it sits up and asks to be hit for winners? If only more club players would take a dozen balls out on to court and for half-an-hour practise serving, pretending to themselves at the same time that they have only got one service, instead of two, and that must be hit always to a different part of the service court and at a different angle, so that their opponent never gets a chance of growing used to their delivery and liking it, it would be surprising, believe me, how many upsets of familiar form would result the next time the close championship of any suburban club was held.

(Continued on page x)



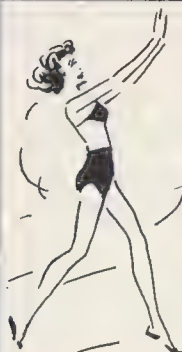
**LADY URSULA FILMER-SANKEY**

A snapshot of the Duke of Westminster's elder daughter, taken at the recent annual overseas reunion party given by the Roehampton Club and the International Lawn Tennis Club of Great Britain to welcome foreign players in the International Tournament at Wimbledon. The gathering was attended by all the well-known players who have been in the public eye during the past ten days and more



# OVALTINE COLD

*Gives them Zest  
and Vitality!*



ON holiday, on the beach, cruising, in cafés and milk bars—wherever you are this Summer you will find that the favourite summer drink is 'Ovaltine' Cold.

'Ovaltine' Cold is more than a cooling, delicious drink. It is a strengthening, nerve-building and energy-giving tonic food beverage which helps you to take the fullest advantage of the summer sunshine and fresh air.

'Ovaltine' Cold should be an essential part of every summer meal. It supplies the vital health-giving properties which light summer meals so often lack. In fact, 'Ovaltine' supplies all the important nutritive elements needed to promote radiant health and abundant vitality.

Start the 'Ovaltine' habit to-day—and note the difference!

**'Ovaltine' is served at Cafés,  
Milk Bars and Bathing Pools.**





# A WOMAN'S GLORY

By "FER-DE-MOLINE"

TOBY BENSON and I sat in the club verandah imbibing something "short," the reward of a rather strenuous round, and preparatory to a bite of lunch.

We had the place to ourselves until, with a clatter of clubs, there hove in sight the portly form of that distinguished

and versatile officer, James Scott, Colonel in His Majesty's Corps of Royal Engineers, and until recently a particularly big noise in that department of the Government of India which deals with canals and things of that ilk.

In response, however, to our well-meant suggestion that he should tarry with us awhile and give us the excuse for just another little appetiser, he vouchsafed but a surly grunt, and passed on gloomily into the smoking-room.

"Hullo!" said I, "what's bitten the good man James this morning? He is not usually like that?"

"Silly old ass," replied Toby; "he's like a bear with a sore head, because he has had to refuse a job in Cairo under the Egyptian Government—something important and advisory in the way of irrigation, I understand—a three years' appointment at a very pleasing screw."

"But why refuse it?" I asked. "Jimmy was never averse to turning an honest penny, and I am sure Edith Scott would love it. Only the other night, at the Verneys', she was bemoaning the fact that they had left India for good. Simla's beautiful Mrs. Scott is but small fry in London, I am afraid."

"Well, there you're wrong, George," answered Toby, "for it's just the fair Editha who is the stumbling-block. She just jolly well won't go; and therefore, Jimmy, who is, as you know, the most uxorious and jealous of husbands—can't bear her out of his sight—has had to turn the offer down."

"But why?" I repeated. "I can imagine no woman who would more enjoy queening it in a Cairo season.

They have no children or anything to keep them at home."

Toby glanced apprehensively over his shoulder. "You are right, old man," he said in a lowered tone. "She is longing to go—give her right hand to—but she'd have to

apply for a passport. That's the trouble. She can't face it."

"Don't be an idiot," I retorted. "What possible fear has a passport for her? You talk as if she possessed some hidden and murky past. It can't be the age declaration that frightens her, for I know no woman who could more reasonably understate her age by ten years and get away with it."

Toby smiled enigmatically and expressed his conviction that Edith Scott would never—at least, in this life—apply for a passport again.

"My dear boy," he went on, in his worst Indian Civil Service manner, "you see, I happen to know. You may not be aware that during the war, while you were idling in the lap of luxury in Mesopotamia, I was undergoing extreme privations in Simla at the seat of government, and taking years off my life in the performance of the most confidential and arduous duties of Censor and Superintendent of Passports."

"When old Jimmy was recalled to military service and went to France, Edith remained at Simla until she could get a passage home. I—even I—had the honour of issuing her her passport; and so, as I say, I know."

"Go on, you owl,"

I urged. "I can quite imagine that you bungled it—entered her age as forty-two instead of twenty-four, or showed her to be of pure and high Hunnish descent." It was evident that a "refresher" was needed, so I called out something through the smoking-room door to the bar.

Toby, with irritating slowness, got out a cigarette, lit it, and, stretching himself in his chair, drew two or three meditative puffs before he turned to me, the "heaven-born's"

pitying smile for the mere layman upon his face. "My dear fellow," he said, "I think you forget that I stated that the duties of a Superintendent of Passports were extremely confidential."

"Confidential be damned!" I ejaculated. "Look here, Toby, I had occasion to scrag you many a time at Uppingham, and I see no reason why I shouldn't do so again. I have known Edith Scott since I was ten; I proposed to her, as far as I can remember, three times before I was twenty, and, if Jimmy were to be gathered to his forefathers, I should propose again. Anything, therefore, which you may tell me will—"

(Continued on page 40)



Photos: Dorothy Wilding

A RECENT ENGAGEMENT: MRS. A. H. DU BOULAY AND (INSET) GENERAL SIR HUGH ELLES

The announcement of the engagement of two very popular personalities, General Sir Hugh Elles and Mrs. A. H. Du Boulay, has brought a flood of congratulations, many of them from mutual friends. Mrs. Du Boulay, widow of Lieut.-Colonel Arthur Houssemayne Du Boulay, who was killed in action in the Great War, is a daughter of that well-known member of the Jockey Club, Mr. J. P. Hornung, of West Grinstead Park. General Sir Hugh Elles, a Colonel-Commandant of the Corps of Royal Engineers and of the Royal Tank Corps, has held a succession of distinguished appointments, and was Master-General of Ordnance and a member of the Army Council, 1934-7. The marriage is to take place very quietly at an early date







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## A WOMAN'S GLORY—(Continued from page 38)

The waiter here brought out something in two glasses on a tray, and Toby automatically put out an expectant hand.

"No, you don't!" I snapped, seizing the tray and depositing it in safety on the table behind me. "They are both for me, unless, of course——"



AT THE TROIS CENTS DINNER AT THE AMBASSADEURS IN PARIS

The camera makes a big haul of well-knowns in this picture, snapped during La Grande Semaine in Paris. In the foreground Tino Rossi, and opposite him Mlle. Balin. Next after Tino Rossi (on left) are Corinne Luchaire, Michèle Morgan, and, in the back of the picture, Marcelle Chantal

"Mean hound!" he muttered. "But if I submit it will be only to the most brutal duress and under the promise of secrecy."

"I swear," I replied.

"Solemn?" he asked.

"Solemn," I said, and passed him the tray.

"Edith is the proud—the very proud—possessor of extremely beautiful hair—masses of it," he inconsequently remarked.

"Was," I corrected, "for she has followed the present silly fashion."

"She led it, George," replied Toby, "for she was the very first shingler. Yes, poor girl," he went on, "on the fatal day when she came to my office for the 'passport application form her hair was her pride and glory."

"She filled in the form at my table with my assistance, and when she came to the space marked 'special peculiarities' asked me, with an arch smile, what she should put there. 'Oh! any one of your many charming features, Mrs. Scott,' I answered gallantly. She paused for a minute, thinking, smiling to herself, then wrote something down and, folding the form, handed it to me and left the office. I rang the bell for my head

babu, Bishan Das, but, before giving it to him, glanced over it, and was amused to see that the fair Edith had entered 'Long hair to the knees' as her chief peculiarity."

"Just like her," I laughed, "the silly old thing, but perfectly true, no doubt."

"It happened," continued Toby, "that her passport came in for signature later in the day, along with several others. I was pressed for time and I confess with shame that I signed and stamped it for issue with but a cursory glance.

"Next morning, I had not been in the office half an hour, when in burst Edith, and I have never seen her in such a fury. She dashed to my table, clutching the passport in her hand. 'How dare you, oh! how dare you!' she cried, the tears welling up in her eyes. 'Mrs. Scott,' I replied, 'what is wrong—what is the matter?'"

"'A joke, I suppose you think it,' she went on angrily, 'and I thought you were a friend of mine and a gentleman. How could you make such a joke about me—such a coarse joke—and on my passport, too?' Bishan Das came in at this moment with some papers and I pointed to him, 'This, madam, is my head clerk, who engrosses the passports,' I explained soothingly, 'and I can assure you that he is incapable of making a joke of any sort—coarse or otherwise—about anything or anybody.'

"Bishan Das blinked at her like a blinded owl through his spectacles, and, at a sign from me, left the room.

"'Perhaps, Mrs. Scott, if you would show me your passport, we could see what the trouble is,' I urged.

"Edith Scott flung it down on my desk in front of me, and then collapsed into my visitor's chair in a flood of tears.

"'It will be all over Simla to-morrow,' she moaned; 'nothing is secret in these offices and the servants and clerks read everything. How can I ever look anyone in the face again?'"

"This was all double-Dutch to me, as you may imagine," said Toby,

"and I snatched up the offending passport to see where the trouble lay. My eye travelled down it. It seemed quite in order and the most innocent of documents—until I came to the 'special peculiarities,' and then I gasped. I told you that Edith had written 'Long hair to the knees' in her application form, but the corresponding space in the passport itself was considerably smaller, and so the good Bishan Das had considered it advisable to paraphrase and curtail her original statement."

"Well," I interpolated, mystified, "why shouldn't he? I should have done so myself and written 'Long hair.'"

"Yes," agreed Toby, rising from his chair and putting his

empty glass down on the table, "I dare say you would, but perhaps you don't realise what pitfalls the English idiom often presents to the babu mind. You see, the trouble was that for 'Long hair to the knees' Bishan Das had written 'Hairy legs.'

"Well, George, what about a spot of lunch?"

THE END.



AND MORE CELEBS. AT THE TROIS CENTS DINNER

The first lady on the left is Mlle. de Serville, with Sacha Guitry, her fiancé, next, and Mme. Gentin, wife of France's Minister of Commerce. It was the first public appearance of Sacha and his bride-to-be since the announcement of their engagement. The theme of the gala performance at this dinner was "The Music Hall in 1895"



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# AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

## Three Events.

**B**IRMINGHAM, Brussels or the B.G.A.; those are the three names from which you can take your choice this coming Saturday, July 8. At Birmingham there is the opening of the airport; at Brussels there is the opening of the Aero Exhibition, and at Hucklow, Derbyshire, there is the opening of the British Gliding Association's national gliding contests. I don't propose to find the lady, or even to suggest which of these three cards to choose; they all seem likely to provide first-class aeronautical entertainment. For all other kinds of entertainment Brussels obviously takes the lead, for Continental towns are less afflicted by corps-gas (a by-product of coal gas, prudery, priggishness and provincialism) than English towns. The international exhibition there has the support of our Air Ministry and also of more than a score of British manufacturing companies. There is a banquet on the opening night to which all (but not sundry) have been invited, and which will send the thing off under full supercharge.

As for Birmingham, it is the place where the King's Cup air race and the race for the Wakefield Challenge Trophy will be held this year in September. The British gliding contests continue from Saturday until July 16, and they are likely to produce some notable soaring. Competing gliders are divided into two classes: those with a span of 14.3 metres and over, and those with a span of less. The Wakefield, de Havilland and Volk prizes will be awarded for the best distance, height and duration flights made during the year, whether at the meeting or not; the Manio challenge cup will be for the best "goal" flight during the

Handley Page, Ltd. It is said—and I have never heard it contradicted—that this company was the first in the world to be incorporated for the manufacture of aircraft. To-day it is full of strength and vitality, and all the pioneers of British aviation came to do homage to it. People who had not seen each other for more than a quarter of a century met again at the H.P. banquet and recalled



AIR CHIEF-MARSHAL SIR CYRIL NEWALL

A snapshot taken in Whitehall after he had attended the Imperial Defence Conference, at which Sir Kingsley Wood, the Secretary of State for Air, gave a most important and all-embracing survey of a very big problem of the moment



Howard Barrett

### SIR KINGSLEY WOOD AT THE DERBY AIRPORT

The officer talking to the Secretary of State for Air is Air Marshal Sir Christopher Lloyd Courtney, who was originally a sailor, having been a Naval Cadet in 1905 and going to the R.N.A.S. in 1912. Derby's magnificent new airport is at Barnaston, within easy reach of the city

meeting, and there are height, distance and duration prizes for flights made during the meeting, as well as many other special prizes.

### Thirty Years of Aviation.

**G**ood wine, good food, good speeches and good company; they were all present at one of the most remarkable celebrations aviation has ever seen, the banquet to celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of the incorporation of

aviation—at the top of his form.

In a way I enjoyed a little of that private fun which comes to the pioneer, for an elevated Royal Air Force officer to whom I was introduced as a newspaper man, took up a point I had made about air gunnery, and sought to show how utterly ignorant of the subject newspaper men in general, and the one he was talking to in particular, were. He was later reinforced by an even more elevated Royal Air Force officer, who took the same line and spent hours telling me about a form of shooting with whose origination I was intimately connected twenty-two years ago! It is delightfully naïve this assumption that high officials have a monopoly of knowledge, and to a sceptic like myself proved very refreshing.

### First with the Mails.

**F**ull acknowledgment that, on the Atlantic route, the Americans have been quicker and more enterprising than we have been, should not be delayed. Let us, in this instance, avoid whining about a foul and admit defeat with what grace we can. That start of the Atlantic service by Pan-American is an extremely fine achievement and will reinforce the erroneous but growing belief that Lindbergh was the first person to fly the Atlantic in a heavier-than-air machine! The moral of it all seems to be that it is better to put your faith in swift technical progress than in restrictive agreements. It is no good relying upon polite arrangements that the other man will wait for you when it comes to starting an air service of world importance.



### AT THE R.A.F. GARDEN-PARTY

Lady Newall (on right; for distinguished husband see picture at the top) talking to some of the huge crowd of guests who came to Trent Park, seat of the late Sir Philip Sassoon. His relatives felt that it would have been in keeping with his wishes that no change of venue should be made. There were over a thousand guests, headed by the Air Minister, at the R.A.F. garden party



# This England . . .



*From Brockmans Mount, Kent.*

“FIRST, ye shall enquire if ther be any person, that doth possess any Swanne, and hath not compounded with the Kings Maiesty for his Marke, six shillings and eight pence . . .” Thus begins the Auncient Order for Swannes, published in 1570, that collates the “Statutes, Orders and Customes, used within the Realme of England.” For this is the season of “swan-upping”—the checking and marking of the royal or manorial birds—and occurring in high summer, was for centuries the occasion of joyous aquatic outings. To-day (though swans be not your mark) the refreshment you seek upon the verge of our lovely waters will surely come from that same past, for there you will find the great ale called Worthington—genial partner in centuries of English merrymaking.







THE ROYAL FUSILIERS XI. WHO DREW WITH THE I.Z. AT HOUNSLOW

The Royal Fusiliers, in common with many other regiments, have been holding their annual cricket week, and played a drawn match against the I.Z. The names above are: (l. to r., standing) Corporal Baird, Sergeant Warde, Sergeant Bennett, Fusilier Powell, Sergeant Walker, Pyne (umpire); (sitting) G. F. H. Archer, Captain D. L. Standage, Major J. H. T. Mardall, Major-General W. P. H. Hill, Major J. L. Lotinga, R.S.M. Rolfe; (on ground) Captain P. R. Ashburner, Captain K. T. Darling



Photos: Stuart

THE I.Z. XI. WHO MET THE ROYAL FUSILIERS

The names in the above group are: (l. to r., standing) Captain A. Rose, C. Mott-Radclyffe, W. G. L. Lowndes, Major G. H. M. Cartwright, Lieut. F. C. Boys, Lieut.-Col. E. C. S. Day, N. McCaskie; (sitting) E. H. Tattershall, Lieut.-Colonel A. C. Reynolds, Captain L. C. H. Isherwood, Major-General W. P. H. Hill, Major W. A. Trasenster, Captain C. G. Fairbank

### Sunny Corner.

**E**IGHTY miles before breakfast, crisp, brown sausages and bacon at Shaftesbury, pinnacle focus-point for seven roads, brought me to Studland Bay, in Dorset. This sunny corner, with its sands, warm, shallow waters, golf course, pine-trees, and ever-varying views from the hump-back of the Purbeck Hills, is well worth a 250-miles' out-and-home run. The village peters out in a dead-end, picturesquely framed by an ancient church and farmhouse. Yet civilisation is near by in the form of an exceptional hotel specialising in children, families, and 1939 comforts.

Between Studland Bay and Wareham a one-way lane leads off to a sixty-year-old disused china-pit, well called the "Blue Pool." With its peculiar blue water, white cliffs, and fringe of fir-trees, it is one of the loveliest and most unexpected spots on the south coast. The owner runs it more or less as a hobby. He is a specialist in flowers and has built an aviary and spotless tea-house for the entertainment of visitors. Being off the beaten track, the pool is quite unspoilt, an ideal objective for a motor run.

On the way home we met a fire, just ignited. A fresh wind fanned the flames, luckily away from the road. A queue of cars collected; their owners gaped. One young man took action: cut off a branch of a tree and started to beat out the flames. A "Stop me and buy one" man, first on the scene, said that the fire started as a car drove away—evidently another example of a carelessly discarded cigarette. So smokers, please be careful.

### How to Avoid the Crowd.

**O**ur pre-breakfast run was planned to avoid the week-end crowd—and succeeded. The return by roads marked white instead of green or brown on the map was equally successful as a traffic-dodging idea. Take the two roads from Blandford to Shaftesbury as an example. Most people take the western road. But the eastern track is faster and almost spectacular in the magnificent panoramas of down and vale it opens up. Yet on a Ford map it's shown as a third-class route. From Warminster we diverted across the Plain, now spoilt and spattered by tin sheds, red-brick buildings, aerodromes, and camps in various stages of development. The only pleasant thing that all this militarisation seems to have done is to plant avenues of trees along some of the roads through these new war housing estates.

## PETROL VAPOUR

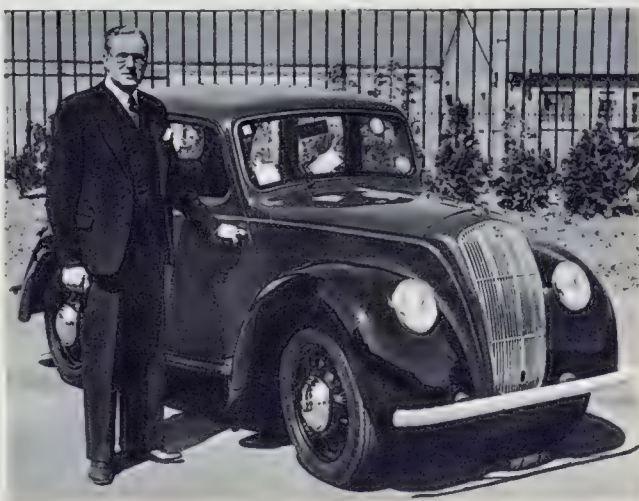
By W. G. McMINNIES

### Reason for the German Speed Limit.

**I**n Germany last summer we were told that the motor roads were designed with a view to visibility and curvature for very high speeds, something between 70 and 90 m.p.h., depending on the class of road and the type of traffic. Herr Hitler's recent limiting of speed to a paltry 62 m.p.h. was therefore a puzzling reversal of policy, especially when the big German manufacturers were starting to produce cars that could make full use of the roads without fear of boiling up. Some people said that the new ruling was due to a wish to curtail accidents, though the motor roads should provide the safest possible motoring, owing to their segregation of up-and-down traffic, absence of cross-roads, non-skid surface, long-distance visibility, and gentle turns. But the real reason may be found in the desire to economise fuel. It appears that out of the 1½ million cars in Germany, only 135,000 are capable of using the motor roads to their full capacity. Assessing an annual average mileage of 15,000, the reduction of speed imposed by the new regulation is calculated to effect a saving of sixteen million gallons of fuel each year. The home-produced fuel which was used on our German trip last year did not seem as good as a normal petrol, for the cars were inclined to pink at the slightest opportunity.

### Eight Minutes' Valeting Service.

**T**he next advance in the servicing of cars is certain to be in the direction of quick valeting. They have it in the States, where a complete wash-and-brush-up only takes a few minutes. In this country, Kennings, of Sheffield, Edgware Road, London, and elsewhere, are pioneers of the system. It needs a great, elaborate and efficient plant employing several dozen expert operators. A roll-way carries the queue of cars past various gangs of men who, with the aid of specialised equipment, high and low pressure, wash, air-dry and leather, vacuum-clean and polish the moving vehicle. The whole operation takes eight minutes, and the price varies from 3s. 6d. to 5s., according to the power of the car. Valeting under various headings is charged for separately. As soon as owners appreciate the efficiency of this new system of washing and polishing they will never put up with the present antique methods, suitable enough for the Victorian carriage days, but hopelessly out of date for the much used, constantly dustied and muddied motor-car.



CAPTAIN G. E. T. EYSTON WITH HIS NEW MORRIS "EIGHT"

The man who has travelled faster on land than anybody else—i.e., 347.155 m.p.h.—has just taken delivery of a new Morris "Eight" saloon. Although not quite so fast as "Thunderbolt," this little car will be a great deal easier to handle and will give him all the amount of speed he may require on the present-day roads. By the choice of this car it is clearly demonstrated what the big noises in the racing world think of this famous product





Jack and Jill drove up the hill  
 With joy and happy laughter  
 On Castrol fine they led the line  
 With other cars following after.



## A YEOMANRY CAVALRY UNIT IN TRAINING



THE SHERWOOD RANGERS (NOTTS YEOMANRY) IN CAMP AT WELBECK

Howard Barr

The Nottinghamshire Yeomanry, a Hussar unit, are one of the fast-diminishing regiments of horsed cavalry, an arm with which the Continental armies are by no means so sure as we are that they can dispense. Lord Yarborough (11th H.) commands them. Lord Titchfield (R.H.G. Res.) used to. The camp was on the Welbeck Estate (the Duke of Portland's) and there was a very good muster

The names in the picture are, left to right, seated: Captain G. H. Grosvenor (9th L.), adjutant, Lieutenant M. H. Laycock, Lieutenant W. M. E. Denison, Captain C. F. G. Tonge, Major C. W. Bennett, Lieutenant-Colonel the Marquess of Titchfield, Lieutenant-Colonel the Earl of Yarborough, Major R. H. Bush, Major E. O. Kellett, Major J. D. Player, Captain J. E. W. E. Sandar, Captain B. J. Ringrose, Lieutenant P. Laycock. Standing: Lieutenants M. W. Parish, M. T. Hildyard, the Earl of Ranfurly, D. Le Marchant, H. R. Trotter, R. Sutton-Nelthorpe, A. L. P. F. Wallace, A. C. S. Holden, P. J. D. McCraith, S. A. Morse, Lord Morven Cavendish-Bentinck, V. G. Hinds, R.A.V.C., Captain G. O. Brookes, R.A.M.C., and Lieutenant R. Knight (Quartermaster). Back row: Lieutenant J. Abel Smith, Major the Reverend F. J. Hughes, M.C., Lieutenant S. Mitchell, Lieutenant F. R. Warwick and Lieutenant F. H. S. Gold

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THE TYRES WITH TEETH



## Polo Notes—(Continued from page 34)

sailor (ret.) handicap only 5 at the moment. A really good striker and imbued with the right spirit of attack which is wanted in a forward. He put up a brilliant performance in the final of the championship which his Jaguars won after a bucketing contest, (8) the Hon. J. Hamilton-Russell (Royals) just been raised from 5 to 6 goals, the No. 3 in the Jaguars Champion Cup winning side and one of the sort we need badly because he gets such a fine length on, (9) Mr. J. H. Montagu-Douglas-Scott (9 L.) handicapped at 3 only—a long way below what he is worth, (10) Captain David Dawnay (10 R.H.) handicap 6 at the moment—a performer of proven worth, a very good commander in the field with a polo head on his shoulders. Just these ten people have been picked not quite at random, but just to prove a point. So far from the situation being discouraging the boot is on the other leg

So much has been said about the final of this year's championship in the daily Press and in the little "Who's Who" included in these notes, that it would be like flogging a dead donkey to say much more. It was a clinking good fight and as good a one as we have seen for years. Mr. Keith Rous's team was in last year's final and he and Captain Guinness were then also in it. The team was wrongly made up, Mr. Rous going back instead of up in front where only too obviously he belongs. If the 1938 Jaguars had been Rous, Sanford, Balding, Guinness, even those rampaging Texas Rangers who beat them 13 to 3 in a game that fell to bits, might not have got home at all. This year's team was just the right mixture—and what a scrap! No one in the stands knew whether or not the Jaguars would manage to lay those Ghosts. On top of winning the

cup Mr. Rous had the satisfaction of collecting a special cup presented by Mrs. Ted Miller for the best pony played. No one questioned the award to Peperina. Poor Ted Miller was a unit of that grand 17th Lancer team (Miller, Rawlinson, Portal, Renton, 1888). Here is the short story of this year's Championship:

JAGUARS: 1-0-2-1-1-1 = 6  
THE GHOSTS: 1-2-1-1-0-0 = 5

\* \* \*

As to the Subalterns' Cup every one was wrong before the start, for they said it was going to be a walk-over for the Bays on a private gallop they were said to have had with The Ghosts, a pretty hot trial horse as we know. But the issue proved very much otherwise than a w.o. The spirit of Leslie Cheape must have been on the premises, for in the first two chukkers the K.D.G.s went away from the Bays and were undoubtedly for that period of the battle, the better team. On the handicap the K.D.G.s ought not to have been on the earth at all. Here are the figures: *Bays*, G. H. Rich (2), J. de G. Tatham-Warter (2), H. W. Hibbert (3), D. M. Patchett (1) = 8. *K.D.G.s*, A. C. S. Delmege (0), M. R. Arkwright (1), H. C. Selby (1), J. A. M. Phillips (1) = 3. Here is what actually happened:

QUEEN'S BAYS: 0-0-2-4-0-0-1 = 7  
K.D.G.s: 1-1-0-1-0-3-0 = 6

The Bays got their last one in the extra bit on a penalty for a foul hook. Personally, I was convinced that we should have to whistle on the attendant hospital nurses to succour the gallant brigadier, who, until lately, commanded the Bays. Those three K.D.G. goals in the sixth chukker nearly did him in. It looked a quite impossible job—but it happened. A grand performance by all hands, especially by poor Leslie's old corps. How his shade must have enjoyed it!



MAJOR BEDDINGTON BEHRENS AND DAUGHTER

Evelyn and her gallant father doing a little slow work in the Park one day last week. Major Behrens, who is a regular "Gunman" by trade, is commanding one of the newly-formed Territorial units. At the appropriate season Major Behrens is well known with the Pytchley, and he won in the Heavyweight Hunters' Class at Olympia two years ago



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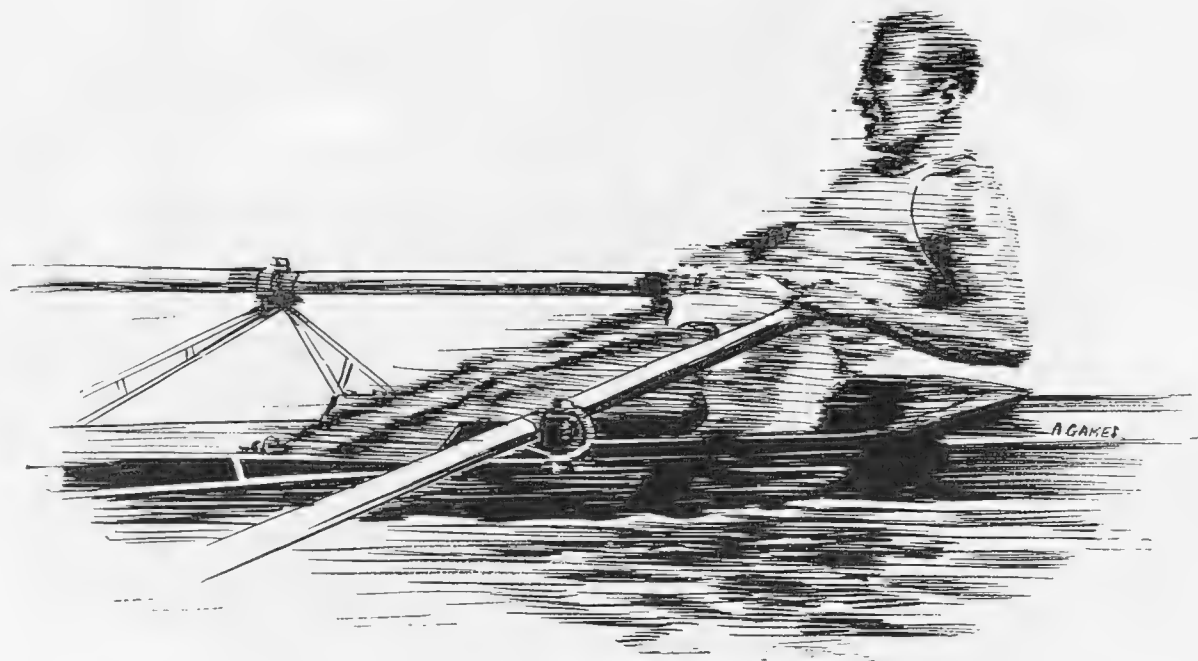
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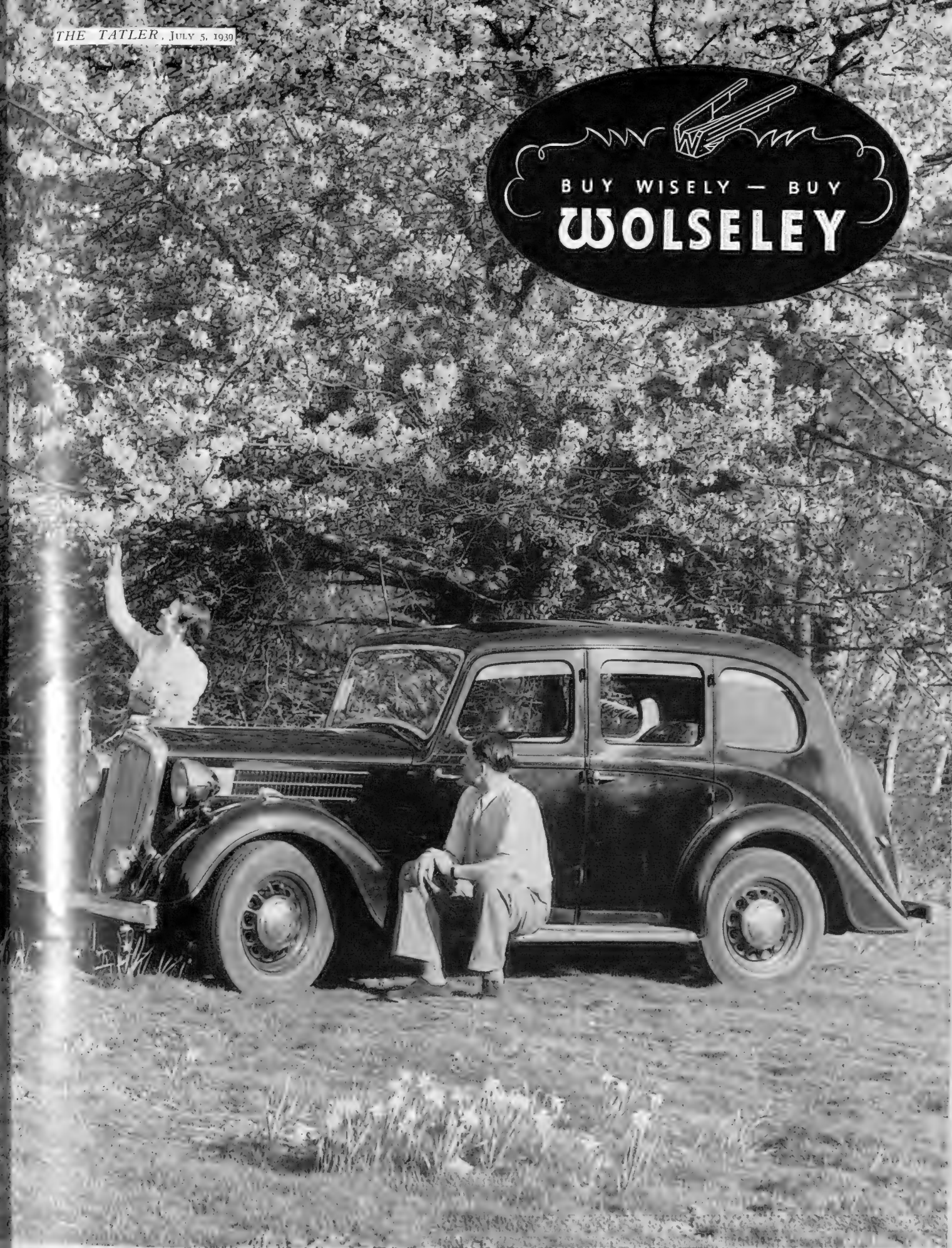
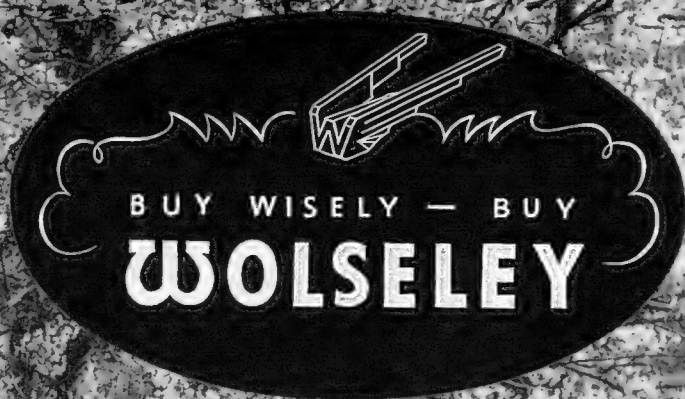
by

M.E. Brooke

IT is when a lovely lady stoops to wed that she wends her way to Fenwick's, 62/3 New Bond Street. No matter the state of her exchequer she is sure to find just what she needs. The graceful and flattering bridal dress portrayed is carried out in fancy satin damask with simulated paysanne corselet finished with a neat belt at the back. The train is cut in one with the skirt; one may become the possessor of this frock for six and a half guineas. The head-dress is of light-as-a-whisper ruched tulle and costs 39s. 6d. It may be tinted to match the dress. This is a new idea which is sure to find interest with autumn brides. Of course this conceit is in complete harmony with other dresses. A fact that cannot be made too widely known is that this firm specializes in bridesmaids dresses for four and a half guineas. They are of such a character that there is a variety of occasions on which they may be worn after the wedding







Wolseley cars are manufactured by Wolseley Motors Ltd. at Ward End, Birmingham, 8, distributed in London by Eustace Watkins Ltd. of Berkeley St., W.1, and exported by M.I.E. Ltd., Oxford.

*Dunlops, Triplex, Jackalls, etc.*

BUYING WISELY at the moment suggests a car of moderate horse-power, with good looks and performance well above its rating. And that exactly describes the Wolseley 12/48 at £245.



**T**ROUSERS for women have come to stay. Dunlop's are admirably tailored and made of weatherproof materials including worsted flannels and velvet cords; by the way they are sold practically everywhere, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them, application should be made to Dunlop's, 28 St. George Street, Hanover Square, who will send the name of the nearest agent. Perfect support and slim lines are ensured by the concealed lightning fastener at waist and the extension band at the side. Of course, there are also men's sports trousers reinforced with the Velesegrip, which keeps trousers up and shirts securely down



**T**HERE is no probable, possible shadow of doubt that the Dunlop trousers are flattering. A witness to this fact are those worn by the figure above. They are accompanied by a reversible golf jacket with buttons on both sides. As there are still women who do not care for trousers, attention must be drawn to the divided skirt on the left; it is as practical as it is distinctive. The jacket is made from stormproof cloth, neither must it be overlooked that there are stormproof overskirts. They have elastic at the waist, and the movements of the wearer are never handicapped so they are just right for active sports



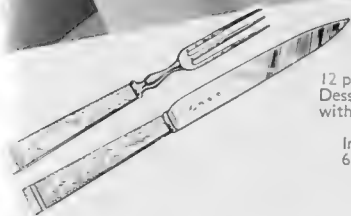


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Sterling Silver Tea and Coffee Service  
with Ivory handles, £25.5.0. Sterling Silver Tray  
with Ivory handles (length, excluding handles, 22 inches), £28.10.0  
Sterling Silver Cake Dish (diameter 9 inches), £5.5.0.



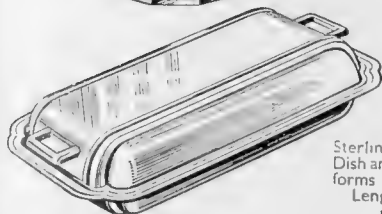
12 pairs Sterling Silver  
Dessert Knives & Forks  
with Mother-o'-Pearl  
Handles.  
In case £10.0.0  
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Sterling Silver Sauce  
Boat, with Gadroon  
Mount. Three sizes.  
£2.0.0 £2.17.6  
£4.5.0



Sterling Silver  
Candelabra.  
Height 9 inches.  
£21.0.0 per pair.



Sterling Silver Entrée  
Dish and Cover (Cover  
forms an extra dish).  
Length 12 inches  
£14.15.0

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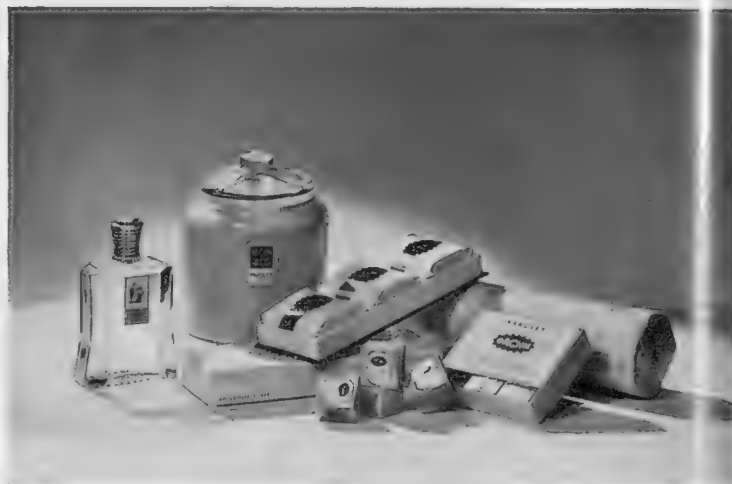


# BEAUTY

*Takes a trip*

THE holiday spirit is everywhere and no companions are more welcome than Yardley's Lavender beauty specialties and perfumes. A new note is struck in the "Voyager" (2s. 6d.) pictured above. It contains a small bottle of Lavender and smelling salts. They are of the greatest assistance in counteracting the dulling effects of a long journey and overcoming the drowsiness often experienced when driving a car

WARMLY to be congratulated are Yardley on their Orchis perfume. Toilet luxuries are available in this delightful fragrance. On the right are bath salts, cubes, soap and "The Lovable Fragrance," too



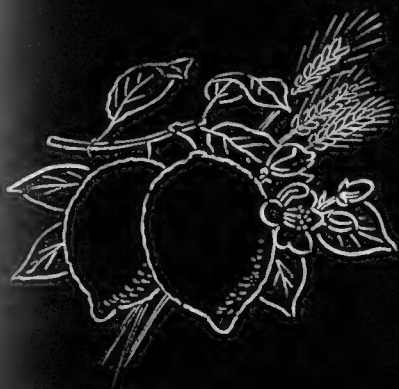
THE travelling cases which bear the name of Yardley are of exalted merit; especially those pictured on this page. The hopsack travel case, for three guineas, goes well with tweeds and is smart

MANY hours will be spent on beaches and cruising, so on the extreme right below is portrayed a hopsack beach case for 25s. On the left, resting on handkerchief puffs is a weekend box for 5s. 6d





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THE NOVEL INVENTION  
IN  
**CIGARETTE  
BLENDING**

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## Lawn Tennis—(Continued from page 36)

Mottram's second great asset is an attacking forehand which he uses deliberately as a coming-in shot on his way on to the net. That is what Perry did. That is what Filby tries to do, but his margin of error is too small. Few players have the iron wrist that Perry possessed, so that he did not even change his grip from the forehand to the backhand, but any player can master, or rather can take the trouble to master, the fundamental principles connected with the transference of the balance of weight from the back leg to the front leg at the moment of impact, and the vital necessity for taking the ball not two feet in front of you as though you were taking part in an egg and spoon race, nor again two feet behind you, but exactly opposite the thigh of your back leg, as you advance towards the net. I have repeated that last phrase deliberately, because it is too much part and parcel of our national character never to attack till we are roused at the eleventh hour. Imperially, in the past, we have managed to muddle through somehow; we can only hope that we shall do so again; but on the tennis court, there is not time for such dilatory tactics.

And now for the third characteristic that may make Mottram a champion one day. His service is first class, he realizes that the forehand must be the basis of any man's game, and that the net must be his first objective as much in a single as in a double, and now thirdly, while realizing the importance of hanging on to the essential points, he is not afraid to go out for his shots. Not wildly and trying to execute impossible angles, as Frank Wilde did in his match against the veteran Toto Brugnon, who demonstrated once more that the *si vieillesse pouvait* part of the proverb is so often more of a sentimental sigh, a cunning understatement rather than a pitiable reality, whereas *si jeunesse savait* is, alas, only too true in the majority of cases. But to be a champion at any branch of living, you have got to possess the nerve to take risks on occasion. To play for safety will never bring you the richest plum of all. There are lots of players who obtain for themselves quite an enviable reputation for the reliability of their game and the monotony in which they will always defeat, in their own community, all the players who are just a little less good than themselves. They have certain favourite shots, certain personal tactics that they use over and over again, and with apparently very satisfactory results. And then one day, or rather one week of the year, their club courts are thrown open to the public, champions of other worlds come to compete in the tournament, and to their chagrin and secret bitterness, they find themselves being harried off the court by players who show up their weaknesses and minimize their sources of strength. Afterwards, in the bosom of their family or among their own faithful followers, a dozen excuses are brought forward. They were too nervous to do themselves justice. They were put on at a bad hour; they had just broken the strings of their favourite racket.

But you know the excuses as well as I do. This week I have tried to suggest some of the remedies. Here, in conclusion, briefly are a few more pitfalls to avoid, tips that may prove useful for those enthusiasts who, year after year, have to be content with the rôle of spectator at Wimbledon. How many games have you lost in the course of your own tennis career from the flattering score of forty-love to you? It is the most dangerous score of all. It is far better to be fifteen-thirty down than forty-love up, as Susan Noel will tell you sadly, for at that score, she had three match points in the final set against Mrs. Fabyan at Queen's a fortnight ago. And the next moment, alas and alack the score was deuce. So beware. Never relax your vigilance. Never imagine that you are safe when you are five-two up in the final set. And never imagine that you can do two things at once, concentrate on your own game and also see what is going on on the next court, or plan how you are going to spend the evening when your match is over. If Mrs. Moody could not do it, you cannot. And lastly, what about your footwork? It has been said only too truly, that women, like cows, should never be seen running. And even at Wimbledon, you will find that tag coming into your mind. But have you ever had a movie film taken of yourself on the run? Believe me, it is an illuminating experience for any man as well as any woman. Every year at Wimbledon, you will see eagerly flying from court to court, the lithe, eager figure of a woman who was once a champion herself and who even today, if she plays a friendly mixed double during a house-party weekend, will jump up and down on her toes whilst she is waiting to receive service from someone whom she could still give thirty to, if she is playing a single. What footwork and what a lesson for all of us.

Her name? I nearly forgot to tell you. Why, Phyllis Satterthwaite, of course.

\* \* \*

An interesting appointment has recently been announced in connexion with the French Line. M. Jean Marie has been installed as the president of this famous fleet of luxury liners and will in future be in complete control of the activities of that company. He has under consideration a very ambitious programme for the putting into service of new and improved liners for the company's various services. The flagship of the French Line is the *Normandie* and its sister ships *Ile de France*, *Champlain*, *Lafayette*, which operate on the North Atlantic service, are all new since the War.



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and feels  
like silk*



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## WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

## An Irish Wedding.

The Rev. R. W. Richardson, Royal Navy, elder son of Canon and Mrs. Richardson, of Co. Kilkenny, is marrying Jocelyn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Carroll, Whitepoint, Queenstown. The marriage will take place at St. Luke's Church, Douglas, Cork, on July 8.

## Marrying in India.

On July 9, in Mussooree, India, Mr. H.

L. F. Picard, 18th K.E.O. Cavalry, is marrying Jeannie, younger daughter of the late Rev. Sir Nicholas Beatson-Bell, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E., and Lady Beatson-Bell. Mr. Picard is the only son of the late Capitaine L. T. F. Picard, 27th Chasseurs Alpins and Mme. Picard.

Thames, and Margaret Powys, daughter of the late Captain Hilliard Temple, The Suffolk Regiment, and of Mrs. Temple, of Green Court, Goring on Thames; Mr. A. Morton, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Morton, of Milton Road, Cambridge, and Lucy Hyacinthe, youngest child of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Henry A. Clowes, of Norbury, Derbyshire, and of Lady Storrs, and step-daughter of Sir Ronald Storrs, of Elm

Park Gardens, S.W.; Mr. P. F. Smith, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Smith, of Gamston House, Gamston, Retford, and Audrey Madeline, only daughter of Mr. Ernest J. Nicholls, of Stangrave Hall, Godstone, Surrey, and of Calcutta, and the late Mrs. E. M. Nicholls; Lieutenant G. W. Style, R.N., elder son of Brigadier-General and Mrs. Rodney Style, of Wierton Grange, near Maidstone, and Joan Diana, only daughter of Mrs. Alex T. Roberts, of Riverhall, Wadhurst, Sussex; Captain R. H. N. Graham, The West Yorkshire Regiment (seconded Royal Air Force), only son of the late Captain D. N. Graham and of Mrs. Graham, The Firs, Haslemere, High Wycombe, and Mildred Vinson, younger daughter of the late Mr. W. N. Vinson and of Mrs. Lyde, Holly Croft, Coleman's Hatch, Sussex; Mr. W. R. Beatty, R.N., youngest son of the late Captain and Mrs. R. G. Beatty, and Eve Putley, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Putley, of Brighton; Mr. P. K. Hodgson, R.A.F., and Barbara, eldest daughter of Canon and Mrs. W. Elliot Bradley.



Catherine Ivel  
MISS BAY BROWNELL

The elder daughter of the late C. N. Brownell, of Birkenhead, Calcutta, and Mrs. Dixon, of The Boltons, S.W., who is to marry Mr. A. B. Brett, only son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Maurice Brett, O.B.E., M.V.O. and Mrs. Brett, Tilney Street, Park Lane, W.1

## An Australian Engagement.

Mr. D. G. F. Mackay, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Mackay, of Sydney, Australia, is engaged to Belinda Jessie Whistler, eldest daughter of the Hon. Mr. Justice Street and Mrs. Street, of Sydney, Australia.

## Recent Engagements.

Mr. R. Graham, eldest son of Sir Guy and Lady Graham, of Norton Conyers, Yorkshire, and Beatrice, only daughter of the late Michael Spencer-Smith, D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. Elliot Butler, of Norman House, Stansted, Essex; Mr. J. W. Brunyate, youngest son of Sir James Brunyate, K.C.S.I., C.I.E., and Lady Brunyate, of Little Ferriby, Goring on



Harlip  
MLLE. JACQUELINE PARAVICINI

The younger daughter of the Swiss Minister and Madame Paravicini, who is engaged to M. Eric de Schulthess-Rechberg, the eldest son of Colonel and Mme. de Schulthess-Rechberg of Schloss Au, Lake of Zurich, Switzerland



Kay Vaughan  
MISS PAMELA CURZON

Who is engaged to Mr. T. H. Farmiloe, the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Farmiloe, of Purley Park, Berkshire. Miss Curzon is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Frank Curzon

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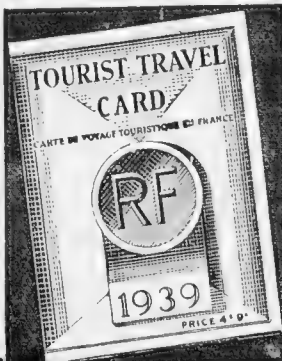
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Here are shown Slimliner swim suit style 326 in Velvure, a gorgeous new fabric, soft, light, velvety, available plain or in four delightful prints, with tuck brassiere and quarter skirt. At left are Middy jacket and trousers, man tailored in all the new materials.

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## LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES



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tionate. When reared he does not require more food than any other good-sized dog, say a Labrador or a Spaniel and is always a joy to look at. Mrs. Barr has a well-known kennel of Irish Wolfhounds and sends a photograph of a mother and her family. She also has Salukis and Dachshunds and there are usually puppies of all three breeds for sale, which can be seen by appointment.

The Alsatian has had an up and down career. He became a tremendous favourite just after the War; too much so, all sorts and kinds were bred from and people kept Alsatis who had never kept a large dog before. Then came the inevitable slump and those who were jealous of his popularity fastened on anything they could against him. Now the whole position has righted itself and it is recognized that an Alsatian of good temperament, properly trained, as all dogs should be, makes one of the best companions. His intelligence is shown

People will soon be arranging to go away. The pleasure of a motor tour is much enhanced if you take your dog but this is not always convenient. Some people do not like strange dogs coming in, nor do some hotels. This need not deter you at all as there are all over the country reliable boarding kennels who will take a dog for a week, a day, or even a few hours. I could supply names on application. A dog always thoroughly enjoys a motor trip and it is a shame to leave him behind to dullness and fretting when it is avoidable.

The Irish Wolfhound will always be a favourite on account of his splendid appearance and his charming nature. He makes a delightful companion, being good tempered

a n d  
a f f e c -

by the fact that Alsatis make far the best guide dogs for the blind. Mrs. O'Brien has a successful kennel of Alsatis. Her dogs can be trusted, no dog with a bad temperament is kept, far less sent out. She has at present a dog for sale, two years old, with an excellent temperament, most obedient, safe with sheep, house trained and a prize winner. There are also some pups four months old, show specimens, and one bitch three months old. This bitch is a most unusual colour, Mrs. O'Brien says "blue with gold points"; she would make an excellent companion. The photograph is of the sire of the puppies.

The Shetland Sheepdog has lately become very popular. He makes a wholly satisfying companion, having

the Sheep-  
dog in-

telligence and devotion to one person. He is hardy, long lived. Mrs. Berry always has two or three with her in London, where they are no trouble at all, as they do not fight or want to stray away. Their beauty is undeniable and in their case goes with brains, as they do exceedingly well in obedience classes where they rank second to Alsatis. The photograph is of Mrs. Berry and Colonel Russell with Golden Boy of Inchmery and Ch. Jenny Wren of Crawley Ridge; both have done well at trials and on the bench. Golden Boy has won two challenge certificates, so has his kennel mate Immaculate of Inchmery. Mrs. Berry is hoping they will soon get their third when they will be at stud. She has lately moved to Hudsall in Hertfordshire and has three litters; one sable, one tricolour and one blue merle.

Letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



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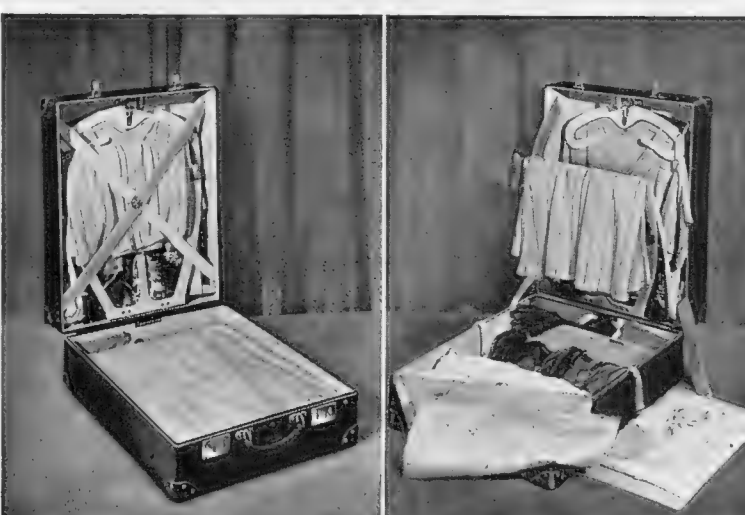
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THE COUNTY OF SUSSEX A.T.S. IN CAMP AT WANNOCK

The above photograph was taken on the occasion of the visit of the C.-in-C. Eastern Command, Lieutenant-General Sir G. C. Williams, to the County of Sussex Auxiliary Territorial Service on the occasion of their first camp with the 133rd Infantry Brigade. L. to r.: General Williams's A.D.C. (whose name was not signalled), Deputy Company Commander O. Mayne, Senior Commandant Mrs. Lathom Browne, Company Commander M. Soley, and Lieutenant-General Sir G. C. Williams

The Streatham Hill Theatre this week are presenting that successful play, *Quiet Wedding*, which has enjoyed such a long run at Wyndham's and the Piccadilly Theatre, and is being staged with the original production and cast, including Elizabeth Allan and Frank Lawton. At this theatre on Sunday, July 16, Richard Tauber will make a personal appearance in a popular programme.

## AN APOLOGY

In our last issue we described Mrs. West as the daughter of the late Major "Gussie" Oppenheim. Lieutenant-Colonel Oppenheim, to the delight of his many friends is alive and well and we sincerely apologize for any trouble and annoyance caused by our error.

## ROUND ABOUT NOTES

The Friends of the Poor, 42 Ebury Street, S.W.1., urgently need £13 to supplement the tiny income of Miss Agnes, a bedridden cripple of 62. She and her aunt kept a small school on the outskirts of London, and since Miss Agnes's accident eight years ago, the aunt has bravely tried to keep the school going as well as part-time nursing of the invalid. Miss Agnes has an income of £26 per annum, and until two years ago had a similar income from another society, but now this has been reduced to half and Miss Agnes feels the loss of this £13 as she is unable to contribute anything towards her keep and dreads being a burden on her aunt who is old and frail. We are anxious to make up this deficit and allow her 5/- weekly for the next twelve months. £13 needed.



Photo: F. Bone

## AN ENTERTAINMENT IN AID OF THE KING'S ROLL CLERKS' ASSOCIATION

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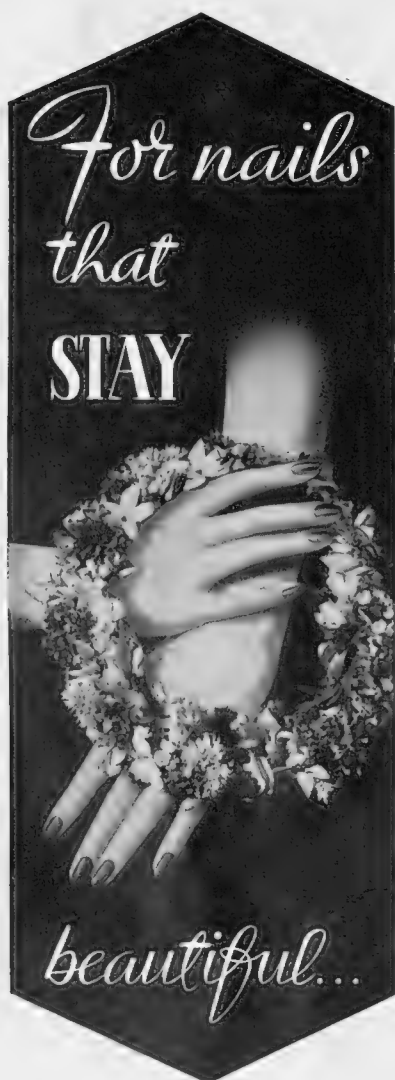


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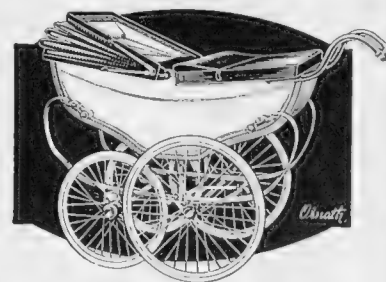


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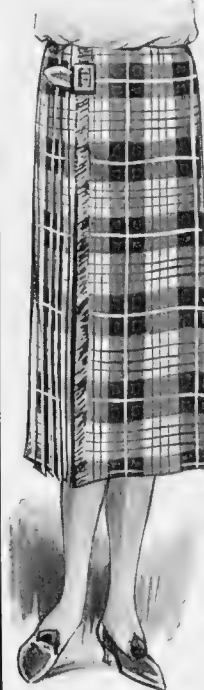
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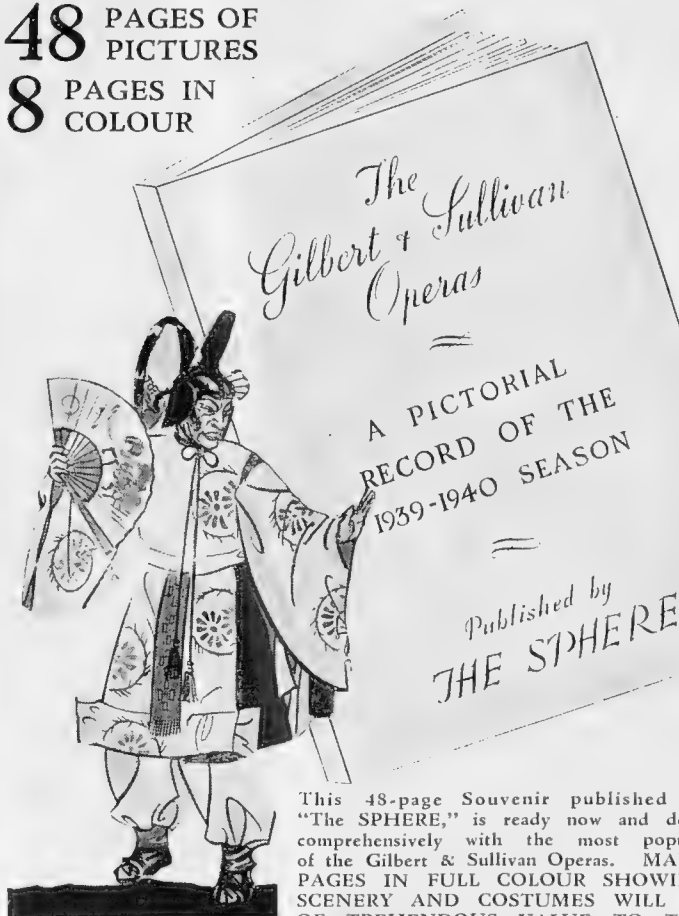
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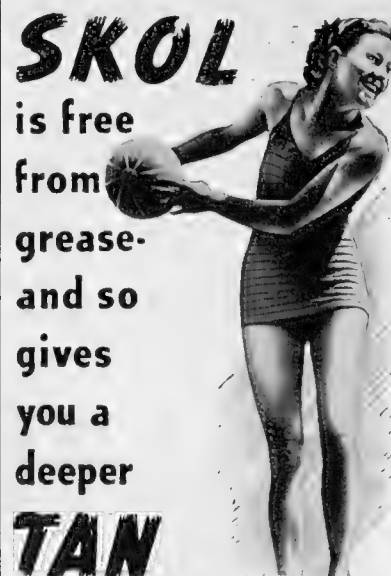
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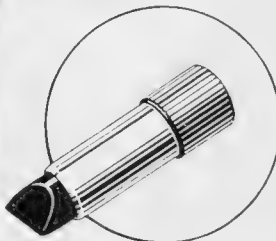
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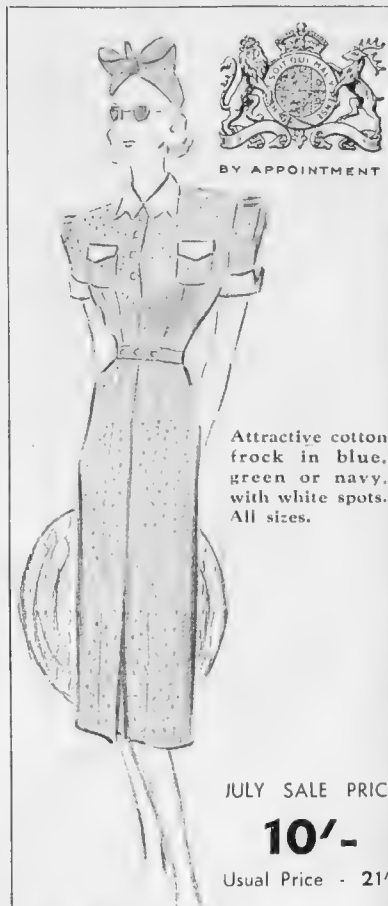
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